THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2341.

A MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

It was in the twilight gloaming
  Of an Autumn long ago,
When the hills were dotted over
  With the daisies' gleaming snow;
That we stood upon the hillside—
  In the gloaming, Carl and I,—
And we watched the evening deepen,
  And the sunset-glories die.

"Little one," he whispered softly,
  With his earnest eyes on mine,
"We have seen the sunset vanish,
  And the long, sweet day decline.
Now we're standing in the starlight,
  And the busy world is still;
Silence wraps us in its quiet,
  And our hearts responsive thrill.

"Shall we spend life's day together,
  When our hearts are in their prime?
Shall our love be undivided,
  At life's quiet sunset time?
When the sun of life is setting,
  In the brightness of the west,
And we near the shadowed valley,
  Will you lean upon my breast?"

"Yes," I whispered. "Death will call us
  When the day of life is done;
We will cross the silent river
  At the setting of the sun."
Then he kissed me on my forehead,
  Whispering love's delightful words,
Words whose sweetness thrilled me strangely,
  And my heart's glad pulses stirred.

When we left the hillside pathway
  Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
The fair moon was drifting downwards
  Floods of silver o'er the land.
And we heard the breezes whisper,
  Words that thrilled us through and through,
But the echoes of our heartstrings,
  Were the sweetest sounds we knew.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &C., &C.

CHAPTER V.

The rays of a June sun streaming through my office window full in my face, abruptly terminated my slumbers, about eight o'clock one morning, a day or two after the memorable era in the life of my medical friend, of which mention has been made. There was no question but that the day, and probably quite a number of its successors were to be most preposterously hot—the sort of weather in fact that leads bulbous old gentlemen to forget the proprieties of life, and indulge in strong adjectives as they creep along in the little ribbons of shade to be found, gasping for breath and bathed in perspiration; when the most elaborately-dressed belles have the appearance of having just emerged from a vapor bath; and dandies mourn the untimely collapse of collars and immaculate shirt fronts; when dogs howl in anguish of spirit; and every one commences a serious investigation to discover if haply their finances will admit of a turn in the country.

It was my morning to get breakfast, and as the sun would let me sleep no longer, I got up, called Flatts, and bade him set our coffee apparatus going.

I may as well mention before going farther, that having taken to Bohemian literature, we were in a fair way of becoming genuine Bohemians in living, and for some time past had almost eschewed hotels and boarding-houses, and in lieu thereof, boiled our coffee and eggs over a commodious gas jet in my back office which served for the company kitchen. Our dinners were usually procured ready-cooked by Flatts at a neighboring restaurant, and upon the whole we found an immense deal of satisfaction in this free and easy mode of existence, and flattered ourselves moreover that we were leading exceedingly frugal and exemplary lives, although upon a retrospective view I am inclined to think that the East India ale and other creature comforts we consumed in those snug chambers unrestrained by the prying eyes of Mrs. Grundy, absorbed a weekly expenditure that would have been adequate for a far more elegant style of living.

While the coffee was preparing I fell into a fit of meditation which resulted in the resolve to give close rooms and hot streets the slip, and run up to Oak Hill for a week or two with aunt Ruth. There were two cogent reasons for coming to this determination. The first of course was my individual convenience and pleasure, and secondly it occurred to me that this hot weather would be auspicious for looking up unappreciated genius in the country, as a member of the committee of supererogation. Wedgewood and Bingle I doubted not would enjoy a trip as well as I; and Treasurer Smithkins, it will be remembered, had been authorized to pledge the credit of the Mutual Consolation Society for funds to meet this and other obviously necessary expenses. It was true I did not perceive any great amount of prospective good that would result to the society from the expedition, but the committee of supererogation would be benefitted thereby, and if we travelled to little other purpose there were other committees of supererogation that did likewise for other societies.

Having settled these matters in my mind, I dispatched our partnership retainer Flatts, who cleaned our boots, swept floors, built fires, and ran of errands, and at leisure intervals, (I blush to confess it,) perched upon a stool in my front office, and made a show of copying imaginary briefs, for hot rolls and Bologna sausage, and then summoned the doctor, and upon his appearance, unfolded the result of my deliberations.

"That's a good idea, Guy," he said; "it will be splendid in the country; but I can't go—I wish I could."

"You can't go?" I repeated, in unaffected surprise, for it was the first time within the memory of his oldest city acquaintance, that he had not been quite ready to go anywhere, from a meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions to the Bowery theatre, from a promenade up Broadway to a tour of Europe.

"Business, Guy, business. Have you forgotten that I am a practising physician? that I prescribe pills and powders? that it is my high calling to alleviate human suffering. Do you imagine that a doctor can throw aside the claims of his patients as he would a degenerate coat, and go away in pursuit of pleasure."

"Come, doctor, this nonsense is all well enough for those who don't know you; but don't talk to me about the claims of patients; and seriously, I want your company."

"And seriously, I can't afford to let you have it; for in that event I lose the patronage of Mrs. Spragg, which bids fair to be lucrative. I have got up one step of the professional ladder, and I am not going to touch the ground again if I can help it. But there's nothing to keep you here, so go by all means; though I shall be as lonesome as Campbell's last man without you."

"And I shall be just as lonely if you stay. You don't know what a stupid place Oak Hill is."

"It's too bad, Guy, but it can't be helped, and you'll have to make Bingle do. He's amazingly soft, but you can have plenty of fun with him. 'Gad! I could amuse myself with Bingle for a week or two hugely."

"Very likely you could amuse yourself for that length of time in whistling Old Hundred, if nothing better offered."

"Or in making love to Spragg's daughter," the doctor said, with a grin; "I believe I have a talent for individual amusement—but here comes Flatts with the morning mail. Anything for me, boy?"

"No, sir; only one letter, and that's for Mr. Larringdon," the youth responded, as he handed me a missive in aunt Ruth's well know handwriting.

"All right; but I wonder what my numerous friends mean by not writing to me, though—Another cup of coffee, Flatts! Guy, who's your letter from?"

"My aunt. She wants me to come home for a visit; and the kind old soul encloses a check for fifty dollars—so I shall not be obliged to draw on Smithkins."

"That aunt of yours must be a splendid old lady. I should like to marry her, and become your respected uncle, and keep your wandering feet in the straight and narrow path of rectitude in which it has been my undeviating custom to walk. Upon my word it would be a good thing for you; but you mustn't think of using her bounty for going on a charitable mission. Lay aside the fifty for a time of need, and journey on society money."

"Do you really think I had better?" I said, for singular as it may seem, I had still some lingering doubts on the subject.

"Of course I do. Never make use of private resources, so long as you can get your hand into a public pocket. This is the true philosophy of charity, which you know, my friend, should begin at home. And now we may as well lay out our plans for the day. In the first place, as I should have mentioned an hour ago, if you had not taken up my valuable time in the discussion of this country trip of yours, you must call with me at Mrs. Spragg's this morning."

I looked the surprise I felt at such an unexpected announcement, and the doctor proceeded to explain that he had been exceedingly anxious for me to make the acquaintance of that excellent family ever since he had been established as their medical adviser, but the way had never seemed to open until the preceding evening, when Mrs. Spragg, who had become confidential in her communications with my exemplary friend, had asked his advice relative to the future of her son, Samuel, Jr., whom it was her desire to establish in a congenial profession.

This young gentleman, Dr. Wedgewood had learned from observation and casual inquiries outside the family circle, had never been in the habit of keeping any of the commands of the decalogue, since arriving at years of discretion; and it was therefore obvious, as the doctor observed, that the bar was the sphere in which nature intended him to shine; and having with becoming gravity pointed out to the mother the proper channel into which to direct her son's small intellectual canoe, she had requested him to recommend some big professional ship which would take him in tow, whereupon he had mentioned my name, and promised to introduce me that the matter might be talked over, and arranged to the satisfaction of all parties.

I thanked the doctor for the exalted opinion he expressed of the legal profession, and for his friendly design of establishing this interesting young reprobate as a student in my office, but nevertheless declined the proposed honor.

"Nonsense," the doctor said; "you must admit that a youngster constitutionally inclined to lie, steal, and swear, has some eminent qualifications for your line of business. To be sure, he should, in addition, have brains, which I am afraid Samuel, Jr., has not, though he has been through college—that is, he went there, but in consequence of being found in an advanced state of intoxication and evincing a disposition to fight the tutor, on the evening of his arrival, he was rather unceremoniously tumbled out the area-door a few hours after his entrance. But it will be for my interest to have him under my own eye for a while, so you'll have the goodness to favor him with a chair in your office for the time being, and extend to him the privilege which I promise you he will never abuse of storing his mind by the perusal of some of those books of yours, which it is really a pity no one ever looks into."

I really cared very little about the matter, and, besides, it would look well to have a student; so I told the doctor to arrange it as would best suit his own interests, and that affair disposed of, we sallied forth, and in process of time found ourselves at Mr. Spragg's residence on Fourteenth street.

It was a spacious and handsome establishment, as the residence of a man of Mr. Spragg's weight and importance in the financial world should be. But the interior I discovered from subsequent observations was not quite what the external appearance warranted one to expect. There was a great quantity of costly furniture, but there was such an utter want of taste displayed in its arrangements, that it looked tawdry. The walls bore evidence that Mrs. Spragg had been imposed upon by picture venders, who had palmed off upon her daubs of landscapes painfully unlike anything in "the heavens above or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

Our summons at this aristocratic portal was answered by the wide-mouthed youth who had first brought Dr. Wedgewood thither.

"How is Mrs. Spragg this morning?" the doctor said, assuming a look of professional anxiety.

"Sick," responded the communicative young gentleman, who seemed to have a decided objection to the use of superfluous words.

"I am sorry to hear it," the doctor continued, giving utterance to one of the most fragrant falsehoods on record. "Let her know, if you please, that I am here."

"He's come," shouted the boy to some unseen individual on the next floor.

"How can you be so inconsiderate, Klagget, as to scream in that way when mamma is so ill?" asked a soft voice from the regions above. "Show the doctor up!"

"Foller," said Mr. Klagget, as he led the way up stairs, and obeying this peremptory order we presently found ourselves in an extravagantly furnished room, containing among other articles of interest, a stout, middle-aged lady arrayed in an expensive silk wrapper so arranged as to display a cunningly embroidered skirt, and a foot cased in a French slipper of somewhat remarkable dimensions, who occupied a spacious armchair by the window.

The chamber had one other occupant—a young lady of sylph-like proportions and angular elbows, who languished on an ottoman by the side of the stout lady, and held aromatic vinegar to the maternal nose in the most filial and affectionate manner.

"There she is," Mr. Klagget said, pointing his finger solemnly toward the stout lady. "Never was no better—never will be."

"That inconsiderate creature will certainly be the death of you, mamma," murmured the same soft voice which I now observed came from the lips of the languishing young lady. "I wonder you can endure his impertinence. I would dismiss him immediately."

"Lawful sakes! Liddy, he don't mean nothin' by it," responded the stout lady, good naturedly, "and you know I used to set great store by his mother when we were gals, and worked together down in Division street, and what would become of the poor boy if I should turn him away."

"How can you, mamma?" the young lady said in an admonitory whisper. "Don't you see the doctor's here and brought a stranger with him?"

Thus admonished the stout lady made a laudable attempt to assume her invalid role, and received the doctor graciously.

Having been formally presented to the ladies, and exchanged the customary greetings, I turned to Miss Lydia, while the doctor bestowed his professional attention upon the mother, and asked serious questions as to the state of her imaginary ailments, after which he shook his head with much concern.

"I regret, as I have said before, Mrs. Spragg, that I was not called in earlier. Your situation is precarious—very much so. Still I do not altogether despair."

"I am sure you understand my case, Dr. Wedgewood," responded the invalid, who seemed very much gratified to learn from professional lips that her indisposition was serious. "My last doctor had the impudence to insist that there was nothin' the matter with me, when I've been sufferin' all mortal woman could for five years."

"You astonish me. I could not have believed had you not told me that a member of the medical profession could have acted in such a cruel, unprincipled manner."

"I knew I was dangerous," Mrs. Spragg said, briskly, "and that's one reason, doctor, why I'm so anxious about gettin' Sammy to doin' somethin'. Mr. Spragg's so busy that he can't look after him, and I have to do it myself. Is this the lawyer gentleman you was tellin' about?"

"It is, madam, and at my solicitation he has consented to admit your son into his office as a student."

"And very good of him it is, too," Mrs. Spragg said. "I'm afraid Sammy has been a little wild, but he's a good boy after all, and he's amazin' smart naterally. Liddy, tell your brother that the lawyer gentleman is here, and ask him to come in."

Miss Lydia withdrew on this mission, and presently returned, accompanied by a young gentleman, whose appearance was striking to say the least. His toilet was elaborate, and although fastidious persons might have felt disposed to criticise his gorgeous pantaloons and gayly-colored vest, over which an immense gold guard chain was conspicuously arrayed, as rather flashy, he had evidently been got up at no trifling expense. He also wore a hat of remarkable altitude very much on one side, several showy rings, and exhaled the perfume of brandy and cigars.

"This is my son Sammy, Mr. Larringdon," Mrs. Spragg said by way of introduction, "and I hope to see him a great lawyer yet."

I did not think there was much prospect of the good lady's hope ending in fruition, but I politely coincided in the wish nevertheless, and inquired of the young gentleman how he thought he should like law?

"As well as anything," was the dogged response. "It's beastly dull, when a feller has nothing to do. The old man says I ain't fit for the office, or anything else, as near as I can find out. The fact is," pursued Mr. Spragg, Jr., sulkily, "the governor is down on me, and always was, because I wan't up to book-keepin' and all the rest of the folderrol that he is."

I expressed my commiseration at the untoward phase of life upon which the young gentleman had stumbled, and after telling him that he might commence his legal studies the following day, he wished us good-morning and took his departure, with his tall hat set very much on one side, and whistling some snatches of a negro melody, striving to appear very much at his ease and signally failing in the attempt.

We passed an hour or more in social converse with the ladies, during which Miss Lydia languished a good deal, evidently with an eye to the doctor's enslavement, and favored us with some intensely tender poems of her own composition, over which Wedgewood, the sinner, affected to shed tears of sympathy, while the stout lady discoursed of days gone by when she was poorer, and I believe happier, because in a sphere for which birth and education fitted her, and dawdled about her invalid condition and the wonderful talents of her promising boy.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Spraggs are hard to take," said the doctor as we left the mansion, "but so are a good many other things that have to be taken first or last, and now let's hunt up Bingle, and look after the details of your country expedition. You see I dare not trust you alone for fear your verdancy or bashfulness, or some other of your numerous accomplishments will lead you into the commission of something silly."

I expressed my thankfulness for the guardianship my friend was pleased to maintain over me, as we turned our steps in the direction of Ann street where Mr. Bingle had his lodgings, in an ancient building where printing presses clanged all day, and far into the night, and busy fingers picked up type "from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same." Indeed this old Paternoster Row of New York seemed to have a peculiar charm for the literary gentleman, who liked to be near to and surrounded by the machinery by which newspapers were manufactured, though their columns might never be graced by the productions of his pen; so there he lived a sort of literary Robinson Crusoe, upon his little island, encompassed by the great newspaper ocean, upon whose treacherous floods he had so often tried to launch his little boat, which had been as often dashed remorselessly back upon the beach.

Mr. Bingle's lodgings were favorable to the study of astronomy, being situated on the first floor from the roof, and illuminated by half-a-dozen panes of glass, denominated a skylight. It was a dingy little den of a room, accessible by several flights of dark, dirty stairs, and lonesome enough in the night time when the ponderous presses no longer vibrated, and the busy compositors had laid aside their "sticks," and gone home, and the rats began to caper through the building, and a festive band of cats to assemble on the roof, and enliven the hours of darkness with their melody. "In fact 'twas decidedly disagreeable sometimes," Mr. Bingle admitted, but there was a sort of inspiration in the locality, and so he stayed there, and when his nocturnal visitors became too forgetful of the proprieties of life, he sallied forth armed with his boot-jack or other offensive weapon and gallantly put them to flight.

Only particular friends were aware of Mr. Bingle's Ann street residence, for he was supposed by the majority of his acquaintances to lodge at one of the Cortlandt street hotels, where by a private arrangement with the barkeeper his letters were addressed. I labored under the impression for some time that this arrangement had its origin in a shame-faced disinclination on Mr. Bingle's part to be known as the inhabitant of such unpretending quarters, but I learned subsequently that he was only actuated by a well-grounded apprehension that the postman would be unable to discover his lair. But we were among the informed, and so went to Ann street and journeyed skyward till we arrived at a well known door, which was opened by our friend in response to our summons.

Mr. Bingle's apartment was not extravagantly furnished. There was a lounge, which by an ingenious contrivance could be made to expand into a bed *ad libitum*; a table, upon which were scattered a great number of badly written papers; a wash stand, a couple of chairs, and finally a sort of cupboard, which concealed from the general eye the gentleman's plate, cup and saucer, &c., and such eatables as he might chance to have on hand.

Mr. Bingle had broken his fast that morning, and had been at work, and he met us at the door with inky fingers and a pen in his mouth. He was a diminutive gentleman, of five and twenty or thereabouts, with a delicate complexion, mild blue eyes, and a profusion of brown curls, which fell in graceful waves to his shoulders. Arrayed in feminine attire, he would have passed for a charming girl. Indeed he was known by the soubriquet of "Sarah" among the "reporters" with whom he was acquainted, and who were in the habit of asking permission to see him home when he went at night, as he sometimes did, to get the police reports for the *Daily Bumble Bee*, a mark of attention that caused the gentleman some annoyance.

"Ah! good morning, Bingle, my boy. How goes it?" the doctor said, striding familiarly into the apartment. "Hard at work, I see; but you literary fellows always are."

"I am happy to see you, gentlemen, I am sure. Walk in. Yes, I'm hard at it, doctor, as you say, though it's poor encouragement we men of letters get now-a-days. I was engaged this morning upon a poem which I call 'Jepthah's Daughter.' It will succeed, I think. It ought to, for I've worked deuced hard over it."

"The very thing, Bingle," pursued the doctor, with great vivacity. "I've wished a thousand times I was in the poetical way myself, just to put that bit of Biblical history into becoming verse. Willis tried it, you know, but I'm confident you'll leave him so far in the distance that he'll regret ever having put pen to paper. Is it nearly completed?"

"Well, no, though I'm getting on tolerably. I have a hundred and fifty pages composed now; but you see it's so deuced hot up here in the day time that I can't work with much comfort, and at night those blamed cats almost drive me distracted. 'Pon my word and honor, doctor, I believe the roof of this building is the headquarters of the feline race."

"That must be disagreeable, but every author has to overcome more or less difficulties. When I've a leisure day, I should like to listen to some of the best passages of your poem. But I'm forgetting business. You know we were put on a committee, a very important one, too. The fact is, we ought to be at work, or the concern won't prosper. Guy and I have been talking the thing over and have decided that you and he had best take a turn up to Oak Hill—there's any quantity of genius lying round loose up that way—while I stay and look after the unappreciated here."

"I must go, of course," Mr. Bingle said, with a look of happy resignation. "I didn't take hold of this work intending to avoid the responsibility or labor. Mr. Larringdon, I'm with you. I suppose, doctor, that Smithkins will come down with the—"

"Expenses, you mean. Don't be modest about it. Of course he will—it's a part of his official duty, you know. We are going to see him this evening about that matter, and you might as well come along and have dinner with us, and then we'll all go together."

"I'm quite at your service, gentlemen, as soon as I have made the requisite change in my toilet," Mr. Bingle said, and thereupon proceeded to arrange his curls and to give to his costume an air of charmingly poetical abandon. Then having glanced in his circular pocket mirror to see that his little mouse-colored moustache was adjusted to a hair, he put on his broad-brimmed hat, exchanged his ragged, inky blouse for a handsome blue swallow tail with brass buttons, took down a neat rattan cane, and announced himself in readiness for departure.

It occurred to the doctor, as there were a good many details of the contemplated journey to talk over, and as shade and quiet were favorable for the despatch of this kind of business, that the afternoon could be profitably employed in a trip to Hoboken; so thither we went, lounged under the trees in the Elysian Fields, drank lager beer, and heard Bingle spout poetry

till the evening shadows had gathered round us, when we turned our faces cityward, and about ten o'clock walked into the editorial rooms of the *Daily Bumble Bee*, where we all had the entrée, being occasionally employed in some capacity or other on some one of the departments of the paper.

The *Daily Bumble Bee* was an economically conducted journal, and Mr. Strand, the proprietor, was a great financier, and exhibited his talent in this direction by paying the smallest possible sums upon which a human being could exist to his employees. He was a short, large headed gentleman, with a terrific bass voice, and eyes that had a curious habit of revolving, and who occupied alternately a little box in the counting room, from which he glared out through an aperture upon the cashier and book-keeper, and a rickety desk in the editorial room, where he spent his time in writing little notes to his various subordinates, to all of whom he could have spoken without changing his seat; but Mr. Strand had a passion for this kind of literary labor, and during several hours of each day Mr. Smithkins was kept trotting from one desk to another with these missives, which the recipients thrust into their side pockets without reading, and threw them into the waste basket when they left for the night.

The *Bumble Bee* editorial rooms were very scantily furnished, very dusty and very uncomfortable. Behind the desk occupied by Mr. Strand sat the senior editor, a thoughtful, retiring, middle aged gentleman, whose talents fitted him for a far better sphere than any that journal offered. Opposite to him sat the commercial editor, who prowled about Wall street during the day, and wrote up those intensely interesting articles in regard to railway stocks and monetary matters, in which there are three times as many figures as letters. In the rear of these was ensconced Mr. Pinke, who did the "foreign" and literary, a rather dapper but elaborately got up gentleman, who wore a flower in his button-hole and a showy eyeglass, and always appeared with a huge bundle of papers, printed in every modern tongue, and who affected German lager beer saloons and French restaurants.

In the most uncomfortable corner of the room, where the light was dim and the rain sometimes beat in through a dilapidated window, was Mr. Smithkins' unpretending table. It would be difficult to designate Mr. Smithkins' position in the establishment. He read such of the country exchanges as had nothing in them, assisted at the proof reading, ran of errands, brought Mr. Strand's lunch of fried clams from the restaurant over the way, and did anything else that no other person would do, upon a salary of six dollars a week.

Adjoining the editorial room was a little triangular apartment, where gas burned at mid-day, the solitary window of which opened into a grim court that the sun entirely overlooked in its travels. In this delightful retreat Mr. Conn, the city editor and his subordinates, the reporters, did their work and cracked their jokes occasionally, interrupted by the ghostly entrance of Smithkins, with notes from Mr. Strand.

As it was a morning paper, all were busy as bees when we entered, but we passed on to the reporters' room, exchanged greetings with Mr. Conn, whom nothing ever disturbed, and sat down to wait until Smithkins should be disengaged. One by one the reporters came dropping in—the short hand writer, who had been to hear the windy oration of the Hon. Mr. Jenks, M. C.—the theatrical man, who had "done" all the Broadway theatres—and finally the gentleman who had been flying round miscellaneously, taking, in the course of his peregrinations, the police headquarters, where he had picked up an entertaining budget of fire and criminal items.

By half past eleven the first side of the paper was ready, the stereotyped forms sent down, and presently after, from the vaults below, was heard the clang of the ponderous lightning press, indicating that the *Daily Bumble Bee* was getting into print, and Mr Smithkins, having concluded his labors, came in to speak with us, and was followed by Mr. Strand, who always liked to be near by when any member of his establishment had a caller.

"Good evening, gentlemen," Mr. Strand said, who had not observed our entrance; "didn't know you were here. How does your society get along, doctor? I gave you a good notice the other day, and was thinking of mentioning your next meeting in my leader. That's a great institution—*the* movement of the nineteenth century."

"Let my thunder alone, if you please, Mr Strand," the doctor said, with dignity. "Did you suppose I was going to let you father that editorial of mine?"

"Oh! certainly not. I didn't know but you might wish to remain incog., you know."

"With the public, certainly, but when among friends it is my custom to throw aside all disguise. Smithkins, my dear fellow, how are you?"

"Extremely well, thank you, sir," Mr. Smithkins responded, who never presumed to speak unless addressed when in the august presence of Mr. Strand.

"Charmed to hear it. You see we called on a little business this evening."

"Appertaining to the mortar question, I suppose," Mr. Smithkins said, with a start. "I intended to see about it this afternoon, but I have been so busy—"

"If you intend to convey the impression that you are overworked in this office, you had better look out for another situation," Mr. Strand said, interrupting him.

"Oh! dear, no—never thought of such a thing. Excuse me, if you please," said the abashed Smithkins.

"Hear me through!" the doctor said, with a superb gesture. "I owe it to myself to state that I didn't come here this evening with a mortar in my eye—on the contrary, my visit was prompted by the purest feelings of disinterested philanthropy. Mr. Larringdon and Mr. Bingle are about setting forth in search of unappreciated genius, as they have been instructed to do by the society to which we all have the honor of belonging, and pursuant to a resolution adopted at our last meeting, they come to draw upon you as the treasurer for the wherewithal to journey."

"To be sure, I understand—but really, I must beg leave to state that there hasn't been anything paid into the treasury yet, and—"

"Smithkins, my good fellow," said the inveterate wag, with the most immovable gravity, "it is trifling to remind us of such a well known fact; but have you forgotten that you are instructed by the society to advance such funds from your own pocket?"

"That's true enough," cried the badgered Smithkins, "but I don't happen to have funds on hand beyond the amount of seventy-five cents, and—well, I don't know what to do—I wish they'd let me resign."

"I regret to say that you have been culpably negligent in the discharge of your official duties, but I have always been your friend and feel disposed to stand by you in this instance. It so happens that Mr. Larringdon has this morning received a small retaining fee of five hundred dollars—"

"Oh!" Mr. Smithkins said, opening his eyes very wide.

"A small retaining fee of five hundred dollars," repeated the doctor, with increasing gravity. "Fifty of this, with economy, will cover the expenses of himself and Mr. Bingle on their contemplated expedition, and I will undertake to get my friend, who is always ready to do anything for the public good, to advance that sum for the purpose and take the promissory note of the society, which you will execute as its treasurer, and Mr. Strand here will endorse, I am sure, so that it can be negotiated, inasmuch as he is to have the publishing of all our advertisements."

"I don't know about that," Mr. Strand said, distrustfully.

"Very well. Spicer, of the *Molasses Chronicle*, wants our advertising. He'll do it."

"I don't know but I'll accommodate you, doctor, on reflection," Mr. Strand said. "You'll have a good deal of advertising by-and-by, I suppose."

"Columns of it," the doctor replied, as he proceeded to draw a promissory to Mr. Strand's order for the sum of fifty dollars, which being duly executed, much to the amusement of Mr. Conn, who, with his back toward us was grinning over his manuscript, he gravely handed it to me, and presently after we bade our friends good evening.

Upon reaching the street, Mr. Bingle inquired when I proposed leaving the city, and on learning that I intended to take my departure on the next day but one, observed that he must be looking after his business matters and getting them into shape, but would be round to my office in time to arrange any little preliminaries.

"Now, doctor," I said, as soon as we were alone, "what possessed you to humbug those fellows into giving a note which you know I shall never collect?"

"I didn't expect you would, but I had an object in view, nevertheless; and, by the way, let me have the note."

"Here it is," I said, laughing as I handed him the precious document.

"All right, I'll keep it safe, and if I don't have fifty dollars worth of fun out of it, mark me down for a blockhead."

CHAPTER VII.

I had been a good deal amused by the incidents of the day, and the transactions of my friend Wedgewood, whose waggish propensities had for some reason attained a remarkable growth since the establishment of his society, or else he was just beginning to favor the world with an exhibition of qualities which had lain dormant under a demure exterior. Not that I had ever considered Dr. Wedgewood a serious man—he had evinced a predilection for fun and practical jokes ever since I had been acquainted with him, but of late he had seemed to have abandoned all ideas of a serious nature, and to be fully resolved to impose upon credulity whenever an opportunity offered, but there was an irresistible charm about the sinner that bound me to him as I have never been to another man, and to have been parted from him permanently would have been a trial indeed. With all his levity and skeptical disbelief in much that Mrs. Grundy lays down in the creed for society, I have always found him a true friend, and there are few upon the face of the earth of whom I can say the same.

Breakfast concluded, the next morning the doctor went to pay his daily visit to the Spragg residence, and I strolled down town on some trifling business matter. I returned in the course of an hour, and upon reaching the floor upon which our chambers were situated, I heard voices issuing from my sanctum. Opening the door, I was somewhat surprised to behold Flatts perched on the office stool, with a pen behind his ear and another in his hand, in a most business-like attitude, learnedly expounding the law of limitation of actions, and adding force to his comments by frequent reference to a volume of the Revised Statutes, to a strongly-built cynical-looking gentleman with keen, blue eyes, and heavy beard of a reddish tinge, who was negligently seated on the edge of the table regarding the youthful counsellor with a curious expression of amusement and contempt.

"Here's Mr. Larringdon at last! He'll attend to you," Mr. Flatts said, with a gravity which would have done credit to Wedgewood; and turning to his desk he commenced scribbling with praiseworthy assiduity.

The stranger turned partly round at this announcement, lifted his hat with one hand while with the other he rumpled up his short, crisp curling hair, and a good-humored smile momentarily softened his hard, strongly-marked features, upon which shrewdness and common sense were so unmistakably written that no one except a person lacking these characteristics would ever attempt to impose upon him.

"Well, Mr. Larrington, how d'ye do?" he said, with genial off-hand politeness. "You're rather young to be a distinguished professional man, but boys grow up quicker here than they used to in Vermont, when I was young."

"I make no claim to celebrity," I said, slightly nettled.

"Is that so? then perhaps you are not the gentleman referred to in the newspaper in connection with the—what do you call it? Mutual Consolation Society."

"I am the individual referred to in that connection," I answered with a blush, "but you are doubtless aware that public journals sometimes claim for a person a celebrity to which he does not consider himself entitled."

"Well—yes—counsellor, that is the case sometimes—not often; I never found that the public estimated a man at much smaller figures than he fixed on himself. This is of little consequence however. You are a lawyer, and distinguished or not, are doubtless capable of enlightening me upon one or two legal points."

"What is the nature of your case, sir?" I said, somewhat impatiently, for I was not altogether pleased with my client's free and easy address.

"It's a little mixed, counsellor; and perhaps I can explain it best by telling you a story. For the last five years I have been representing the United States as Consul at Venice; (not very much of a representative, but my district up in Vermont was entitled to something, and I was as good as they had, I suppose;) and managed to get along without many blunders, with my niece to keep an eye on me.

"About a year ago, I learned that a countryman of mine, who had lately got out of an Austrian prison, desired to see me. And as he was too much under the weather to get to the Consulate, of course I had to go to see him.

"It appeared from his statement, that he was only a countryman by adoption, but he had been a resident for a good many years of this city, where he had amassed a very handsome fortune by real estate speculations. Rather late in life he had married a young lady to whom he was devotedly attached, and who died about three years after their union, leaving him with a little girl about a year and a-half old. His loss affected his mind so deeply that he gave up business, and finally went abroad, leaving his child in the family of a friend of his, in whom he placed a good deal of ill judged confidence.

"For a year or two he wandered up and down the shores of the Mediterranean, drawing pretty liberally upon the friend with whom he had left his business affairs for such supplies of money as he had occasion to use. His drafts were all duly honored; but at length his friend intimated that as he was advancing considerable sums both for his benefit and that of the child, it might be as well to guard against any unforeseen accident, by giving him security on his city real estate, (which by the way had about doubled in value during my client's absence,) and against which he could draw for the future. The proposition seemed all right, and the New York gentleman was instructed to forward for signature such papers as be desired to render himself secure for past and future advances. They came by the next regular mail,—an absolute deed of conveyance of the property in question to the lender, and the copy of a bond; by the terms of which he bound himself to reconvey the same upon repayment at a time specified of the funds advanced. The original bond had been retained, he stated, to place on record along with the deed of conveyance, when the latter should be executed and returned to him.

"The tourist, as I have stated, had implicit confidence in his correspondent, and the instrument was duly executed and forwarded to New York. Soon afterwards his evil genius persuaded him to take part in the Italian Revolutions of 1827, and subsequently at the five days' battle of Milan, which resulted adversely to his party, he fell into the hands of the Austrians, and was conveyed to one of their military prisons, where he remained in close captivity for several years.

"He escaped at last and reached Venice, broken mentally and physically, where he learned by the merest accident from a former New York acquaintance, that his false friend claimed to have become the purchaser of his landed property in the city, and had actually disposed of the greater part of it. The truth was apparent at a glance. The defeasance bond which was necessary to render the deed of conveyance a mere mortgage, so far from having been placed on record, had probably been destroyed, and all the proof in his possession of the real nature of the transaction was the letters that had passed between them and what purported to be a copy of the bond which, however, bore the rascal's signature, and was duly sealed and witnessed.

"He seemed to be dying when I first saw him, but he had time to acquaint me with his story, execute the necessary papers to empower me, on my return to the States to take such steps as I might deem proper for the recovery of his property, and confide to my care his daughter if she was yet alive. There's my case—what do you think of it?"

"You are quite correct in terming it complicated, but, before going farther, let me ask if the daughter is living?"

"I have reason to think so, though I have yet to discover her whereabouts. I have learned that she was turned adrift by her guardian soon after her father's misadventure at Milan, who was probably supposed to have died; but can this conveyance be set aside?"

"It could undoubtedly on the ground of fraud, but leaving that out of the question the rule is clearly established in equity that such a conveyance can be shown to have only been intended to operate as a mortgage by any writing whether under seal or not, and some authorities admit oral evidence of the intention of the parties."

"Then if I understand the law correctly, unless there has been a regular foreclosure the mortgagor or his heirs would be entitled to redeem."

"Undoubtedly, unless the right of action was barred by the statute of limitations which, however, would not interfere in a fraudulent transaction."

"How long before that would operate?"

"Twenty years."

"Well, we're all right thus far. I don't know as I shall require any farther professional assistance. If I should I will see you again; I always like to counsel with distinguished attorneys."

"I should like to inquire," I said, "if I am indebted to that newspaper paragraph for this visit?"

"Well—yes—I guess you are, counsellor, I don't place implicit faith in what the newspapers say, but I was a stranger and without legal advice, and happening to see your name mentioned in the paper I called on you, and I confess I had a little curiosity to learn something of the society with which you are connected. Its professed object is a good one, and the idea is original."

"I infer from your emphasis that you entertain a suspicion that the professed object and real one may differ."

"Yes—yes,—a natural deduction, counsellor; but you are accusing me of superabundant scepticism. By-the-way, I am anxious to make the acquaintance of your celebrated colleague, Dr. Wedgewood. An elderly gentleman like yourself, I presume."

I was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable with my client, and scarcely knew whether to laugh or to request him to walk out of doors. He was evidently indulging in a little quiet irony at my expense, and reading me a great deal more accurately than you and I, my dear sir, ever care to have our inner man scanned by any eye. Still his appearance was perfectly gentlemanly, and his sarcasm came out in such a quiet, humorous way, that I could not well be offended, but it was an immense relief just then to hear Wedgewood's step upon the upper landing, and the next moment he strode into the office.

"This is Dr. Wedgewood, sir," I said, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, or I would give you a more formal introduction."

"Pardon me for neglecting to mention it. My name is Wardwell and I am happy to make the acquaintance of Dr. Wedgewood, who is, I perceive, quite advanced in years."

"I am rather old for my age," the doctor said, who had stood for a moment glancing from one to the other, apparently undetermined as to what character he was expected to support, but having read his man, decided upon his own.

"It is really surprising to see what a tremendous number of years some persons manage to live in a very limited period. I should suppose from your appearance you might be about four hundred, but it would not astonish me to learn that you were still in your first century. Looks are so deceiving."

Mr. Wardwell smiled audibly.

"I begin to understand how it came to pass," he said, "that your society has such a very original object, now that I have discovered it, has such a very original founder."

"Your penetration and knowledge of human nature do you great credit," said the not-to-be-silenced medical gentleman, "and I should really be pleased to see you enrolled among our members. You will be perfectfully eligible if you are unappreciated in any way, as I should think such a broad-shouldered, hard-featured sarcastic gentleman would stand a chance of being."

"If I had been appreciated I suppose they would have picked up a President from Vermont before this time, so I guess I'm eligible, and you may as well consider me a candidate."

"With the greatest pleasure," the doctor said. "Flatts, take the half gallon measure and run round the corner and bring us some ale. It is our custom, sir, to celebrate the application of each new aspirant for our society honors by imbibing a little of the extract of hops and barley."

"And an excellent custom it is, too," Mr. Wardwell said, taking the unpretending drinking cup from our messenger, who had returned in a moment, and disposing of at least half of it at a draught.

"I'm glad to see you've a taste for the fine arts," continued the doctor, politely. "I find it impossible to describe the satisfaction I feel in having an opportunity of making your acquaintance. Here's to your health;" and thereupon the balance of the ale vanished.

"Well, gentlemen, I must bid you good morning," my client said, rising; "but I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of seeing you again. There's my address. I shall be in town in a week or so, and glad to see you. Mr. Larringdon, consider yourself my attorney. There is a retainer. Good bye." And with a complacent stride and his hat on one side, Mr. Wardwell left the room.

"Three ten dollar gold pieces!" Wedgewood said, picking up the coins from the table, where the other had carelessly thrown them. "Why, he was a veritable client, Guy."

"Verily, and bids fair to be a profitable one."

"And what injury has he sustained at the hand of his fellow, that he is driven to seek redress from the law? It must have been an uncommon sort of a man that got the best of him."

I replied by giving a synopsis of the story I had heard.

"That's dreadful romantic, isn't it," Wedgewood said. "Sarcastic old chap will find the ill used young lady, who will be more lovely than a prime watermelon. You will take hold of her case and make unprincipled guardian disgorge—the ill used young lady will be grateful, of course, to the eminent young barrister who has gained her inheritance and love him, and the eminent young barrister will reciprocate the attachment, because the ill used young lady, like Spragg's daughter, will have solid charms, and they will marry and live and die in affection up town. But, by the way, wasn't it my editorial that sent our friend round here?"

I was obliged to confess that such was indeed the case.

"I knew it. Posted old gentleman! Most uncommonly so—makes sharp speeches—sees through things—knows a Bowery loafer from a Quaker minister, &c.; but he was not beyond the reach of the press, not that he believes anything that he hears or reads, and but little of what he sees, but he wanted to discover what new humbug was in the wind and what distinguished gentleman (nice way he has of emphasizing words) were at the bottom of it. There's no use in denying that the press is the great institution of the country. Through its medium politicians abuse each other—churches of different denominations do the same—quack medicines and useless inventions are palmed off upon the public, and infant lawyers and doctors, which has no reference to present company, bring themselves into notice by tacking their before unheard-of names to some Mutual Consolation Society. All right. Where's the gentleman's card? Let's have a look at it. James Francis Wardwell, Astor House. Well—yes Guy, I think we'll go and see him when he returns. Polite old gentleman with plenty of ten dollar gold pieces, I dare say, and has been United States Consul into the bargain. I wonder if my hospitality and jovial disposition didn't rather tarnish the lustre of my politeness."

"Rather, at all events, I don't believe every stranger he meets treats him to ale out of a half gallon measure, or compliments him on his advanced age."

"The last was an acknowledgment of his evident cuteness, and as to the ale, he drank a quart without sneezing, and invited us to call upon him; so we needn't worry, though I confess it was rather free and easy treatment. But here comes young Spragg, armed and equipped for his legal career, and Bingle is just behind him."

"Sure enough," I said; "so I must lock up a book for the young gentleman to go to sleep over, and then prepare for my exodus."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞ One of our returned officers explained to us the other day the advantage of being shot in both legs. He said that being lame in both legs he didn't limp!

☞ When a steamboat gets aground in any of the Western rivers, she waits until she gets the fever and ague, and then shakes herself off.

☞ An editor says, in a recent letter to a friend, "At present I am in the country, recovering from fourteen years' editorial life—bad eyes, cracked back and broken nerves, with little to show for it." Any one would think the three articles enumerated were quite enough to show for it.

☞ When the flower of the chickweed expands boldly and fully, no rain will fall for at least four hours after. When the chickweed half conceals its miniature flowers, the day is generally showery. If the chickweed entirely shuts up its white flower, let the traveller put on his great coat, and the ploughman give up his day's work.

☞ The Classics.—The learned Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, in a recent speech at the University Court, condemned as stuff the study of Greek as a mere intellectual exercise, unless the student followed out the classics.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866.

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HUMILITY.

Above all things should we seek to cultivate humility, that envy may find no place in our hearts. He who envies not another is happy. Nothing is so blighting, blackening, shivering to our own prospects, and the development of the graces of personal progress as envy. This it is which causes one to exclaim, on beholding the homes and the appliances of the rich—"How very happy must these people be! Why is my lot so different! I cannot see the justice of Providence in such broad contrast." Enter one of these homes that look to you so beautiful. Perhaps the only and beloved daughter of the house is an invalid for life; the only son a cripple, or perhaps he is leading a wretched life, dissolute, worthless, because he has ample means to gratify his base desires.

Would you exchange your health and good spirits for an existence like this,—even though it be softened with luxury, and brightened with gold?

In another, you find discord, anarchy, and dread. Not a pleasant word is ever heard save in the presence of strangers. No happiness here; undisciplined wills, general insubordination and unsystematized cares, faces distorted with anger and sullen gloom. Your ears recoil from the harsh tones of intractable spirits. You retreat with a shudder, as though escaping from a lunatic asylum. Still another, and you will find disappointed ambition, or folly, ignorance, stupidity, and conceit, that nothing would tempt you to exchange your mental endowments for, even with the balance of their superior fortune. There is still another, and you say, "Here is peace, I have found it at last." But wait—observe farther. You start and turn away. Wherefore? Hidden under all this false glare are festering sins which never exist with peace and happiness. Here whited sepulchres. The world mistrusts them not. Profound and subtle secrecy has effectually beguiled every eye. Envy hath not seen this; neither has public censure discovered it.

Here stands a successful author.

"How enviable to be applauded, and admired for the triumphs of intellect!" you exclaim.

Go down into the minutiae of every-day life, and see if you would exchange.

And thus you might search through one coveted life to another, and not discover another round you would be willing to take in exchange for your own. Do you say that "these trials are to be found equally in the homes of the poor." True—but seldom are they in the intensity which exist in wealthy circles. The hopes, the aims, the activities which necessarily impel those who are obliged to struggle for a place in the world are a merciful provision against the ills that fasten upon so many for the very reason they have the time and opportunity to entertain them.

The rose is the queen of flowers; it has innumerable thorns, while humbler flowers may nestle in the sunshine without these unpleasant incumbrances.

There is more genuine happiness to be found among those persons who are not compelled to sustain the pride of life, but whose care and efforts are confined to the reasonable provision of rational existence than is to be met with in any other condition.

It is certain, however, that some people seem to suffer more and deeper in this world than others. But are they not called to this stern discipline of sorrow to perfect that humility in their souls which shall make them eminent means of the greatest usefulness in their day and generation? No one ever arrives to great eminence for excellence of character, except through the fearful ordeal of suffering. Flowers

must be crushed before yielding the richest perfume.

Therefore, if in the pride of aspiration you are inclined to envy any one, ask yourself if you are able to drink of the cup which has been drained by them to the bitterest dregs, if you could endure the trials which have consecrated their souls to the discipline which gives wisdom and strength?

We should cultivate humility that we may not have a desire to injure others, by detracting from their merit. The Divinity who shapes our course, notwithstanding the most prudent foresight, takes cognizance of our thoughts and approves or disapproves accordingly.

There are several kinds of humility, some of which are to be avoided no less than other errors of the heart. Coleridge observes that the "favorite sin" is the pride that apes humility. Any one who dresses with extreme plainness for the motive of being observed is not humble. When these exist, pride is not humility.

We should also beware of that humility which causes us to lower our standard of action, or because others desire it, stoop to an act unworthy of ourselves. If such is the standard of those who call themselves humble, it were wiser in us to seek another class of associates, or at least we should preserve our own rule of action unshaken and intact.

There are especial occasions when it is incumbent upon all to cherish a spirit of humility.

When any meritorious act has been performed and decided praise is awarded by others, we should never betray any emotion under such circumstances other than tranquil satisfaction, and entire repose of soul. The one who can bear prosperity with becoming humility is truly wise of heart and great of soul. Again should we be mindful of the temper and spirit we possess, because of personal advantages.

The true grace and preserver of beauty is an absence of all apparent consciousness of it. Nothing is more foolish than to be proud of family position or wealth. Fortune is a fickle mistress, the wheel is ever changing.

Above all should we not be proud of intellectual attainments; in proportion that rare mental gifts have been bestowed will the right use of them be required. Our Heavenly Father is not an unjust Master; He does not require the same from the one to whom He gave one talent as from the one to whom He gave five, or ten. It is not what we have, but the use we make of what we have; not where we live, but how we live; not what we do, but how we do it.

The time will soon come—it is even now at our door—when it will matter nothing to us what others thought, but every thing what we thought of ourselves.

GOLD WATCHES.

That article from the *Journal of Commerce* about the small number of gold watches returned to the Tax Act score is probably "bosh." It especially asserted that in Massachusetts only forty seven gold watches had been reported for taxation. To this the Boston Traveller now replies: "We have obtained access to the official records of the United States Assessor for the southern district of this city to test the accuracy of the assertions, and we find that for the year 1865 in one ward (Eleven,) the number of gold watches returned and taxed was certainly as high as two thousand, and estimating the other wards, the total in this city alone would probably exceed five thousand."

AIR FLOATAGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unquestionably the idea has been a *new* one at some time with somebody, and is at the present time with a great many people. It might have been so to the writer in the London Mechanics' Magazine of last month, who proposes to float all classes of ships at sea, bottom or no bottom to them, by means of air pumped into flexible air-proof sacks, secured under decks. But certain it is that the idea is not original with said writer, or in England or Europe in 1866.

In the fall of 1863 the writer hereof demonstrated the perfect practicability of all the points put forth in theory in the English Mechanics' Magazine, by successful experiments made on the Delaware, within thirty miles of Philadelphia, the experiments having been witnessed by several of our scientific naval officers—among them two admirals.

In February, 1864, urged by at least a dozen of our naval commanders, a letter was addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, in which the writer offered to give bonds to the satisfaction of the Department that he would raise every one of the sunken vessels belonging to Government, either in port, in any of our sounds, bays and rivers, or outside, where the depth of water did not exceed twenty fathoms, to float each ship in five days' time, and deliver her afloat at the nearest navy yard, at the rate of $30,000 per ship, whether a frigate or fourth class transport.

That offer was made after repeated failures to raise the sunken vessels, by parties who had undertaken the service. The plan proposed was to insert within their hulls, through ports and hatches, flexible "rubber" bags, connected with the surface by tubes, and expanding them by pumping down air until the ship should come up.

The writer offered, if the Department would consider the proposition so far as to appoint a commission of competent naval officers, the whole process should be demonstrated to them without cost to Government. And if the proposition should not be considered at all, then the writer respectfully suggested the propriety of supplying all our naval vessels, and especially the monitors and iron clads, with air bags and force pumps.

The response of the Secretary of the Navy, under date of March 4th, 1864, which, with a copy of the writer's proposition, is at hand—was to the point and conclusive:

"Sir—The Department has invited proposals for raising sunken vessels by contract, and does not desire to engage the personal service of individuals for that purpose.

Very respectfully," &c.

So several millions in iron material have rusted into worthlessness, several other millions in other material have been rotted and bored to pieces by worms—the air floatage idea went out blank in the United States in March, 1864, to reappear as "*A New Idea*" in England, in April, 1866.

The writer does not know that the idea or experiments were new with him, but guesses that they belong a trifle more to the neighborhood of the Delaware and Philadelphia than they do to that of the Thames and London. COSMO.

☞ "Heap-squaw, white men," is Indian for Mormons.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CRUSOE'S CAVE—DIVERS INSCRIPTIONS—DIVIDING OFF—ISLAND STOCK—NO-MAN'S LAND—A CHILEAN SETTLEMENT—FAILURE—CRUSOE'S CANOE—SHORE LINE.

There we stood at last, nearly forty of us in all, men and women of seven different nationalities, and of the number, inquiry being made, it was found that an even thirty had read in his or her own vernacular Defoe's wonderful adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and the majority believed all the fascinating narrative as religiously as they did in the inspiration of the Bible—in three or four instances more implicitly.

"I wonder if there was in reality ever such a man as Robinson Crusoe, and if he lived here twenty-eight years, was it? and had a Man Friday, and a dog and a parrot, and raised goats?" Senora Monteiro said, not asking the questions direct, but looking very much as if she would like a direct answer from some one.

"O, yes—why not?" Dr. Bond said. "Here is the Island of Juan Fernandez. That is no myth, we know. Then there are at least a million goats on the island, I should judge from the army in sight. They are doubtless lineal descendants of Crusoe's flock. And here are more dogs than—"

"Yes—but don't you remember, doctor, that Crusoe had but one dog, and he died of old age, without issue?" Kate O'Harra interrupted.

"Confound it, Kate! You are always spoiling some superb romance with your inevitable matter of fact."

"Don't see any romance about this lot of curs," Kate pouted.

Cator went straight up to the "hole-in-the-wall," claimed to have been Crusoe's cave, and laid his finger on a spot of the grey-brown, reddish rock just above the opening, which is about five feet high and two wide, and so many as could crowded close up to Cator and read in queer, scrambling letters, nearly obliterated by time—

AL E X.—SE LA'IRK

Then at the top there were some slight indentations, two of which some of us coaxed into an imaginary, mostly, I think—16.

But underneath the ancient autograph we had something distinct and reliable. Very clearly and neatly cut we read:

"*Capt. John Starbuck, Nantucket, Mass. August 12th 1839.*"

The interior of the slight, irregular cavern, presents no evidence at the present time that it was ever excavated or inhabited by A. Selkirk, Esq., or any other man. But it does afford unquestionable testimony upon another question quite as interesting, and of much greater importance to science. It proves that the formation of Juan Fernandez is of the elder class of aqueous fossiliferous rock, and that the lone islet stood there as it does to-day, a mere dot in the shoreless world of water, ages before the southern continent of the Western World upheaved its serried volcanic crest, dividing the sea, and interposing its Plutonic barrier between two mighty oceans.

The fossil remains embedded in the rock walls of the cave, and found also in a few interior ledges, and in all the cliffs along the coast, are no where very numerous, but exist in considerable variety, and are all of animals, birds, fishes and reptiles now totally extinct.

Having satisfied ourselves that Juan Fernandez had existed there long enough before Defoe's day for that gentleman to have made himself familiar with its position, structure and characteristics, provided he had the means, our first resolution was to investigate topographically in search of testimony for or against the probability of Mr. Selkirk's having made the island his residence for so many years.

For this purpose our party was told off into four divisions, two to take the east and west coasts, and two divisions going through the interior by parallel routes, the divided expedition heading to the northward, and all parties keeping within signaling distance of each other.

The Island of Juan Fernandez, mite of a world as it is, cannot be "done" in a day, on foot, if one intends to learn it so as to talk or write of it intelligibly and interestingly. And having ourselves canvassed the kingdom of Crusoe considerably for the space of twenty odd days, our investigations and observations revealed so many things new that have not been written or spoken of, that perhaps the reader will be willing to keep on in company until we have learned something more of Crusoe Land than Mr Defoe, or any other writer has told us. If I were to attempt reducing Juan Fernandez to the compass of five letter sheet pages, the information given would be the old stereotyped story of wanderers who have landed after breakfast, run up into the "Little Cove," looked into Crusoe's cave, saw several miserable mangy curs, a good many goats, a dozen or two wild cats, as tame as pet poodles, a herd of swine, a good many long-legged, long-necked, red, yellow and white speckled chickens and pullets—hens and roosters that all flew like wild pigeons—went a mile up into the island, and then went off aboard the ship to dinner, and the ship went to sea.

We saw a great deal more of Juan Fernandez and its productions, and the telling of these will carry us through another sketch—two of them, perhaps. I thought it well to advise my friends of this necessity, as the Amanda, the fourth whaler that sailed from Talcahuano in company with us, having weathered the South Pacific hurricane without damage and come to an anchor in Coral Harbor, twelve hours after the arrival of the Junior and Esmeralda, there are three fine, well found ships at their service, and if they prefer to lie by and wait until we have finished *Mas a Tierra*, and are ready to sail, there are comfortable quarters at their service—they are welcome.

Juan Fernandez and Mas-a-fuero belong literally to nobody—never will, probably, though in the event of the world's becoming overcrowded in every other corner, Crusoe Land would make a magnificent little island empire or republic, fertile, productive, having a delightful climate, and capable of supporting a population of about twenty thousand souls. The Utah Saints might go there with advantage to themselves and the United States. But unless it is under some such exigency, Juan Fernandez will never be permanently settled. It has no mineral or other inert wealth, nothing of its productions could ever be made a specialty of sufficient importance to draw trade to it; it lies too far out of all present or future lines of commerce or national necessities to make it available as a naval or commercial depot, and being so small and so far off, the aggregate of its produce would not pay transportation. Mas-a-fuero, which is larger, might, if it had been properly constructed, have helped make up a country and trade. But Mas-a-fuero is good for nothing—never will be. A rat or a rabbit couldn't live on it. We shall run over and have a look at this ugly sister of Juan Fernandez, after a few days.

Chile has claimed Crusoe Land ever since she had a nationality independent of Spain, and held possession of it nominally, never pretending to any legitimate ownership, however, and only holding it because it has not been worth the while of any other country to say to her:—"Clear out of this. Be off with you." And so at first Chile attempted to turn the island into a penal settlement and make the convicts cut wood, of which thirty or forty years since Juan Fernandez was well covered. But the wood was awful hard, and the convicts were a great deal harder, and a great many of them got away on board of whale ships, and a good many others, and with them the military governor and all the soldiers got away on a wood vessel loaded with pigs and goats, chickens and fruit for sea stores, and went off with all the government arms and outfit to the Sandwich Islands, and that wound up the penal colony phase of Juan Fernandez's existence.

A few years later some private parties in Valparaiso inaugurated the wood business again, sending some two hundred vagabond wood-cutters over to the island, and taking the wood in welcome. But the wood was as hard as ever, the wood-cutters lazier than their convict predecessors, and naturally enough the enterprise was a failure, and the island abandoned.

At the time of my last visit, in 1857, there were two hundred or so wood-cutters slashing away again on Juan Fernandez, but at the time of our visit in the Esmeralda it had been eight years without human inhabitants, visited only infrequently by whalers, and no one to molest them, the hogs, dogs, goats and chickens had multiplied prodigiously; besides there were several generations of cattle bred from the cows and bullocks left by the wood-cutters, so that all a crew of hungry quilted shirts had to do was to go on shore, armed with rifle, knife and hatchet—shoot, skin, stick, scald, pluck, and cut up, to lay in as choice a stock of fresh beef, pig-pork, kid, and poultry as ever a "blubber-hunter" went to sea with.

These were the first objects after the cave that claimed our attention—the great numbers of all kinds of animals, particularly pigs and goats, and while the mates and mariners of the three ships fell to—slaughtering, dressing, and carrying on board their choice of game, we went north exploring and examining.

I have an idea that when one undertakes to tell us much about a place, it is very essential that he should know something pretty certain about it first himself. Else there may chance to hear him some one who has been there, and finding him utterly ignorant, and manufacturing his material, proclaim him a—"gorilla," putting him up something awkwardly before the public.

Mr. Defoe ought to have lived a month at least on Juan Fernandez before beginning to write Robinson Crusoe. Then as Edith, who was of our eastern, coast division, said—Defoe would have known better than to have sent Robinson out from the "*Brazils*," bound for the coast of Africa, after a cargo of "wool-and-ivory," and on the *fourth day* cast away his ship on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, five hundred miles out in the Pacific—two thousand at the very least, in a straight line across the continent, and more than six thousand around by water. Whichever way he went, Crusoe's ship must have been a clipper very far ahead of modern steamboat time.

Next it seems a pity to demolish the great canoe that Robinson dug out with four months, was it? constant hard labor, making himself a ship big enough to cross the Pacific in, and then couldn't budge an inch towards the water after it was ready to launch. But if I am going to tell what I believe to be the truth about the timber Crusoe found for ship building, his canoe must go out.

In the first place, it is probable that the same varieties of wood grow on Juan Fernandez today that grew there two, and four, and six hundred years ago. There are six common varieties—*Chiffi wata.* (Ink-horn.) *Epm Madeira Preta Duro.* (Black hard-wood.) *Anjuco*, a species of Lignum-vitæ, Parallo, and *Jacarandaro* all as hard as ebony, and heavy as pig iron. There are many stumps probably—a hundred years cut; trees doubtless three or four times as old, and nowhere did we find stump or tree above eighteen inches in diameter. A rather small-sized ship such a tree would make for even a Pacific voyage, steering clear of all such tearing tornadoes as we had experienced in our run over from Concepcion.

Besides, if Crusoe had happened to have fallen in with a tree big enough to build a respectable canoe out of, it would have taken him a hundred and forty years to have shaped and scooped it out into a canoe, and then when he had got it overboard—up—it would have gone to the bottom like a deep-sea-lead. Navigating the ocean in such a craft would have been very like Old Nep's fresh water skipper, going over Niagara Falls in a stone canoe and iron paddle, bound for Davy Jones' Land. So we shall have to conclude that Crusoe didn't set up ship building on Juan Fernandez.

Further observation taught us the "moonshine" of Crusoe's walking on the sand beach, and discovering human tracks in the sand; and afterwards the savages building up their canoes, and bringing out their prisoners and barbecuing them on the beach.

The island has no sand beach or beaches anywhere, except a few rods in extent at the bottom of the little cove where boats land from ships in the harbor. Otherwise, the whole line of coast is a continuous cliff—very unequal, in some places fifty—perhaps sixty feet in height, then sloping down abruptly, and running a stretch of a mile or more from ten to twenty feet above the water, and always deeply worn in under at the base, forming a wall shelving outwards, in many places deep caverns, a famous resort for a great variety of fish, among them six species of sharks—two of them very uncomfortable customers to encounter in the water.

The surf is seldom violent, nevertheless there is always more or less rolling in, and its continual dashing, swashing, surging, and thundering in the caves and caverns of the cliffs, make a savage salt-water solo of many sounds, and loud-shouting in conversation anywhere near the shore a necessity.

☞ The little tax of one cent upon each box of matches produced last year throughout the United States was about $1,800,000, or enough to arm, transport and keep in the field 1,800 men.

IN MEMORY OF WINFIELD SCOTT.

Brevet Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott died on Tuesday, May 29th, at West Point. Had he lived a few days longer, he would have completed his eightieth year. Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on the 13th of June, 1786. His paternal grandfather was a Scotch refugee, who, having been an adherent of the "Pretender," was obliged to fly from Scotland after the battle of Culloden. Having reached America, he settled in Virginia, and commenced the practice of the law. The son of this fugitive soldier and lawyer, William Scott, a Captain in our Revolutionary war and a farmer, was the father of the future General. His mother was named Ann Mason, and she was the grand-daughter of John *Winfield*, believed at that time to be the richest man in the colony of Virginia. Scott was to have been the heir of this wealthy old planter's estate, but a marriage contracted by the next of kin late in life interposed, and so he lost the plantations and his country gained a great General.

In 1805, young Scott, after an irregular kind of schooling, went to William and Mary College, and thence, after a very short term, to the law office of David Robinson, of Petersburg. He was admitted to practice in 1807. About this time it was that the British frigate Leopard fired into the Chesapeake, near the Capes of Virginia, and the President having issued a proclamation forbidding the use of our harbors and rivers by British vessels, volunteers were called for to enforce the order. It was in this way that Scott first became a soldier. He volunteered as a private in a Petersburg company of cavalry, and subsequently, as lance corporal on duty at Lynn Haven Bay, he captured two midshipmen and a boat's crew, belonging to one of the British line-of-battle ships. In this same year, Scott left Virginia with a view of settling in Charleston, South Carolina, to practice law there. Subsequently he returned to Petersburg, Va., and on the 3d of May, 1808, he was commissioned a Captain of light Artillery by President Jefferson. This was the commencement of that long and illustrious career as a soldier now so well known to his countrymen as not to need any elaborate recital.

At the beginning of the war of 1812, Scott was made a Lieutenant Colonel, and as such he participated in the assault on Queenstown Heights, Canada, and as Colonel he led the van in the capture of Fort George. In March, 1814, he was made Brigadier General, and commanded the brigade of General Brown's division that fought the battle of Chippewa, on the 5th of July following. For this and his services at Niagara or Lundy's Lane, where he was seriously wounded, he was breveted Major-General, and presented by Congress with a gold medal. On the 25th of June, 1841, he became Major General and General-in-Chief of the United States army. Of his subsequent services in the Indian wars and in his Mexican campaigns it is scarcely necessary at this time to say more than the mere mention of the battle-fields on his brilliant and victorious march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. There are but few people in this country who are not familiar with the siege of Vera Cruz and the famous battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec. This series of brilliant victories over forces which greatly outnumbered the American army, and possessed every advantage of fortified positions, attracted great attention throughout the world. As our two successful contests with Great Britain had demonstrated our power to repel invasion, so these Mexican campaigns demonstrated our ability to carry on a foreign war with the same success. In all this, General Scott achieved for both himself and his country great additional renown. The conquest of Mexico was the crowning of his military career, and it gave him every where a high rank among the masters of the art of war. On the 28th of February, 1855, he was made Brevet Lieutenant General, for his "eminent services" in the Mexican war. He remained in command of the United States army, as General-in-Chief, until the fall of 1861, when the infirmities of age compelled him to retire.

In the course of General Scott's long public career, extending over nearly sixty years, he was brought into contact with most of the prominent public men, and participated in many of the principal events in this country for the last two or three generations, so that their history is to a large extent his history.

Our sketch, however, is necessarily brief, touching only the most interesting and important points. Of his participation in civic affairs, we can only refer to the hearty support he gave to General Jackson in defeating the South Carolina nullifiers in 1832–3, and his candidacy for the Presidency of the United States against General Pierce in 1852. He was a noble old soldier and a pure patriot, and one whose memory will be warmly cherished by his countrymen as long as our history shall survive.

The funeral of General Scott took place at West Point on *Friday*, and the ceremonies were very imposing. The attendance of military officers, Senators and representatives, and other distinguished persons, was large.

☞ Miss Stebbins, of Chickasaw county, Iowa, has received an appointment as notary public for that county. She is the first female ever having received such a commission, and is represented as eminently competent.

☞ $1,000 damages has just been recovered in Boston, from a surgeon, for branding a man with the letter "D" in a Provost Marshal's office during the war.

☞ The election in West Virginia, on Thursday, on a constitutional amendment disfranchising rebels, resulted in the ratification of the amendment.

☞ "If we can't hear it, it aint for lack of ears," as the ass said to the cornfield.

☞ A widow out West married a man to whom she refused her daughter, because, she said, her first husband was an ugly "critter," and she had learned how to manage such cattle. Kind mother.

☞ HATS.—Some pedant New Yorker has been counting the different styles of hats visible on Broadway. He has estimated the number of varieties at a hundred and seventy-five.

☞ Edwin Forrest, on his return from San Francisco, purposes to endow a Home for Retired Actors, near Philadelphia.

☞ Neal Dow, the temperance advocate, has gone to lecture in England.

☞ The friends of Wm. Lloyd Garrison propose to raise $50,000 as a testimonial for his anti-slavery services.

☞ The alderman who was lately injured by the accidental discharge of his duty, is reported to be in a fair way of recovery. He says he'll never be caught that way again while in the full possession of his senses.

THE TREATIES OF 1815.

MAIN POINTS OF THE TREATY OF VIENNA AND THE HOLY ALLIANCE ARRANGEMENT.

From the Pall Mall Gazette, May 14.

As the treaty of Vienna may once more be made the stalking horse of Bonapartist ambition it may be interesting to the general reader who is more learned in present politics than in past history to be reminded what that famous treaty really was. In the first place, it was signed by a larger number of States than had ever before united in a settlement of European affairs, including Austria, France, England, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal and Sweden. Coming almost immediately after the widespread shattering of old landmarks consequent upon French conquests, the rearrangement of territories amounted almost to a reconstruction. This reconstruction was based almost exclusively on dynastic considerations, the real welfare of nations and the tendencies of what are now called "nationalities" being scarcely thought of. Everywhere nations, or fragments of nations, placed under foreign sovereignties.

England's gain, indeed, was fully equalled by her loss in the new plan. She kept Malta, which was essential to her position in the Mediterranean, and where her rule was not unwelcome; for the sake of Europe generally she undertook the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, now got rid of; and to satisfy royal prejudices she also preserved the kingdom of Hanover, now also got rid of.

In Italy, Milan and Venice were given to Austria, and Sardinia was confirmed to Piedmont; while the Duchies of Tuscany, Parma, Modena and Piacentia were recognized as sham independent sovereignties, governed by collateral branches of the Austrian Hapsburg. Austria still further obtained possession of the Tyrol, Illyria and Dalmatia.

Prussia's gains were enormous, and, unlike many of the Austrian, were acquisitions of real power. With half of Saxony, nearly all Westphalia, Swedish Pomerania, and almost all the Lower Rhine provinces, she started afresh as a rival of Austria far more formidable than before.

In the north of Europe, Russia received Finland from Sweden; as a compensation for which Sweden received Norway, which was taken from Denmark; and Denmark, who was not represented at the Congress, got nothing in return.

As to Poland, the three great partitioners made some fresh rectification of boundaries.

The innumerable small German States which had existed before the French revolution, and which had been what diplomatists called mediatized, or, as plain people call it, swamped, at the setting up of the Bonapartist Confederation of the Rhine—these remained swallowed up by their powerful neighbors.

Holland, having ceded her German possessions, was consoled with the Belgic provinces and became a kingdom, and Switzerland remains much as before.

In the same year, 1815, political pharisaism accomplished its masterpiece, the "Holy Alliance" between Austria, Russia and Prussia, by which they bound themselves to act for the future on Christian principles only, and immediately proceeded to enforce the absolute supremacy of kings as the one great principle of Christianity. All Europe acquiesced in the announcement, with three notable exceptions—the Sultan, whose opinion was not asked, and England and the Pope, who both declined to have anything to do with the imposture.

Happy Every Day.

Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself:

"When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving,—trifles in themselves light as air,—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. You send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy; at all events, for a time."

BIRDS IN JAPAN.—Birds are treated very kindly in Japan. They are never killed for sport; and little troughs are scooped out in the tombstones, which priests fill every morning with fresh water for drink. During the stay of Commodore Perry's ships, a number of officers started one day to go a gunning. As soon as the Japanese saw the cruel murder of their birds, they went to the Commodore and begged him to put a stop to such conduct. There was no more bird shooting in Japan by American officers after that; and when the treaty between the two countries was concluded, one condition of it was that the birds should always be protected.

☞ The following purports to be a model musical puff: "Dear Doctor—I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I have been an invalid, unable to step except when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a-half an hour, and throw thirteen summersaults without stopping."

☞ HOME.—Home, the spiritualist, is studying the part of Hamlet, in which he will make his debut on the London stage. He will be quite at home in the ghost scenes.

☞ The last dressing for the hair is the "Elephants' Pomade." It is the Head Greaser.

☞ Congress has passed a bill prohibiting the transportation of nitro-glycerine on passenger vessels or railroads.

☞ The flower bill for a wedding in high life in New York amounts to $1,000.

☞ The Springfield Republican says that "garters with diamond buckles are worn with the new hoops in Paris." A bright idea.

☞ A young lady in Rockland rose in her sleep and cut off one half of her splendid head of hair. When the mischief was discovered in the morning, she had a good cry, and a barber was sent for, who completed the work she had begun.

☞ A fashionable party is now called a "conglomerational show."

SONG.

It is the Lady of Kienart Tower,
Of love she will not hear,
And she sits alone in her mountain bower,
Tho' woo'd by Prince and Peer.
For she has made a vow in her pride,
Her husband none shall call,
But he who shall round her castle ride
On the edge of its outer wall.

Oh! the castle wall is narrow,
And the castle wall is high,
And the brain would reel were you but to stand
And gaze on the gulf anigh;
And the bones of many a rider bold
Lie mouldering down in the dell,
While that lady proud sits in her hold,
And laughs as all were well.

It is Sir Albert of Thuringy,
Who kneels to the maiden now;
She has looked but once on his dark blue eye,
And she rues her cruel vow.
She loves at last, and she shudders to see
The knight on his courser bound;
But her fears are vain, for he gallops as free
As though it were listed ground.

The lady hath donned her richest weed
To meet that champion bold,
But he lights not down from his sable steed,
And his speech is scornful and cold:
"I have wooed and won a fairer bride,
And if single would not wed thee:
I perilled my life but to humble thy pride,
And to punish thy cruelty."

The Wreck.

"There she is, sir; that's she just off the pint there. She's a-coming stem on; and in arf an hour, if she ain't on Bunk Sands, I'm a Dutchman."

My companion was no native of dam-land, for there was Briton written in every feature of his bronze-red face, as he stood by me in Baythorpe above, in his canvas trowsers, heavy fisher's boots, blue Jersey shirt, and tarpaulin hat, tied on with a bit of oakum band, while the flap behind beat about in the tremendous wind that was raging in our faces.

"Bang!" went the dull smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain; while the whistling of the wind, and the thundering in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sands, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore close under the great sand bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread through the village that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman's ears; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken water—now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shock as she strikes upon the sand, and seems immovable; a shuddering quiver through plank and beam; and then crash, crash, crash—mast after mast gone by the board—snapped like brittle twigs on a dead stem; while huge ropes part like burned twine; then the rising of the apparently immovable vessel, as she is lifted by the waves to fall crushing again upon the sands, parting in the middle; rushing billows pouring tons upon tons of water over the deck; a wild, wild cry for help; and then the shore strewed with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them on to the sands, and then curling over to drag them back. Going ashore; not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah," said the old-salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did yer hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand, and pointing to where the flash could be seen, while directly after came another dull heavy report. "Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant object through the blinding storm of spray which beat dead in my face; but I just managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; "she'll come in just there;" and he pointed to a spot amongst the waves where they seemed roughest; "she'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em. Amen!"

As he said this, the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'-wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the countenance of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as he stood there no inapt representation of a seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shouted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Precious little," he said, "unless them chaps come down with the life-boat; but who'd go out?"

It did look a desperate venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on, and having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large three-masted vessel about five hundred yards from the shore; and once, as she heeled over, and showed her deck, I could see that it was crowded with people.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life-boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged "hurray!" welcomed its arrival—as another flash, and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of sore distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for after the lull, the storm came down with redoubled fury—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh; while at times the women who had come down were completely held back against the steep sand-bank.

"There! look there!" cried the old man, suddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at straws. Why, there's a boat-load coming ashore. There; don't you see—now a-top o' that breaker?"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and then there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more.

"Gone!" said the old man; "I knowed it! Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the life-boat, and see if they are going off," said I; but the old man was intently gazing out to sea.

"There; just as I said," he shouted hoarsely, "just in the place. She's struck." And then, above the yelling of the storm, we could hear a crash, and a wild shriek, that seems to ring through me now upon a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never!" said the old man, as he ran down towards where the life-boat stood upon its carriage, with a crowd of men and women around, the women hanging on to their husbands, and apparently begging that they would not dare the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before; but here, as close as we dared go to the breakers, it looked perfectly awful, while the attempt to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident that the men thought so too, though, as we came up, one sturdy fellow shouted: "I'm ready, mates, if you're going;" a remark that elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly gazing out towards the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seawards, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star; but still no one moved. All at once, the old man by my side laid hold of my arm, and whispered: "Give me a lift, sir;" and before I knew hardly what his object was, he had climbed by my help into the boat. "Now, then, you boys," he shouted wildly; "I can't stand this! Stand aside, and let some of the old ones come!"

The spell was broken. Women were hastily thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amidst the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man. Then oars were shipped and all made ready, the old sailor seizing the steering-oar as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on and his hat blown off—looking nobler than ever.

"Now, are you all ready?" he shouted.

"No, no," was the cry; and in the hush of expectation, two men rose in the boat, dashed off their life-belts, and amidst half-muttered groans, leaped out from their places and ran up the sands to the bank, where they disappeared.

"Two more!" shouted old Marks, and for a few moments, so dread was the peril, not a soul moved; then two stout lads came rushing towards the boat, pursued by an elderly man—a perfect giant.

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't go, lads."

He came up to them by the boat-side as they were climbing in, and endeavored to stop their progress; but in his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the two new-comers where in half a minute equipped for the dire struggle before them and in their places.

"Let me go!" shrieked the man; but the others clung to him, as the signal was given, the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, and with a wild "hurrah!" heard above the storm, the life-boat was launched.

My attention had been so taken up that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty; but just as the boat was leaving its carriage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and the moment after I saw a figure dash across the intervening space, and seize the side of the boat; and then came the roar of the storm and the rush of spray; while for a few minutes the life-boat was invisible. Then a short distance off, she was seen rising upon a wave, and then disappearing again into the dull haze, which, mingled with the coming night, soon shut everything from our gaze but the foaming water.

"Over seventy, sir," shouted a voice in reply to a query. "Old man-o'-war's-man. Been in many a storm; but this here's awful."

Awful it was; for so wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast for many years; and as the folk upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat had taken, they shook their heads, and shouted in each other's ears.

There was a long and awful pause, only broken by the shrieking of the wind, and then came a loud shout: "Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the rowers timed their strokes to a second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit of a giant wave so far that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run right up the sands, and fifteen shivering, half-drowned fellow-creatures lifted out and hurried up the shore.

"Now, my lads," cried old Marks, "on to the truck with her, and we're off again."

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father of the two lads taking his place by the side of the old coxswain; for no amount of persuasion on either side could effect a change.

There was another cheer, rising above the storm, and again the gallant crew were launched into the surf, that seemed to curl round the boat as though to fill it in an instant. It rose and fell a dark mass amid the white foam for an instant, and then seemed to plunge into a bank of foggy blackness, for night had fallen.

I could not drag myself away from the stirring scene around me, for I seemed held to the spot by a strange fascination. All at once a lurid light shot up, for a quantity of straw had been set on fire, and the flames roared and crackled as dry sea-weed and pieces of wood were heaped up to increase the glare, which appeared to gild the crests of the waves, and threw into bold relief the figures on the sands—some gazing out to sea, some watching eagerly the fringe of breakers, ready to rush down and secure anything that might be washed ashore from the wreck.

More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland, as they rose with the mighty current of air, and darted across the sand-bank. Out seaward all seemed black darkness, and the eyes strained after the life-boat were for a while strained in vain.

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes," but it was prolonged into a wild wail of despair; for by the light from the fire the boat could be seen broadside on, and close in-shore; and then, after tossing about for a moment, she was dashed, bottom upwards, upon the sands.

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf. Some were dragged ashore; some scrambled unaided from the water; while more than one was sucked back by the undertow; but the life-belts they wore kept them afloat; and at last, more or less hurt, the whole crew was ashore—three being carried up to the village insensible.

I now learned that, about half-way to the vessel, the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea; when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washed two men from their seats; but they regained their places, and then, with the dread of death upon them, the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the efforts of the old cockswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at random.

The light that glared upon the shore now showed that it was completely strewn with wreck; and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so plainly disclosed the fate of the good ship. Spar, plank, beam, and cask, entangled with rope, were being churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore, and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame.

At last, heart-sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat were, and who had suffered; when, to my sorrow, I learned that the only one seriously injured was old Marks, who had so gallantly set the example that evening—an example which had resulted in the saving of fifteen poor creatures from a watery grave.

On entering the village, I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and a few minutes after I was at the bedside of the sufferer. I found him sensible; but with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain or suffering alone would have placed there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I entered.

"Has she gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips.

"I fear so," I replied; "the shore is strewed with wreck."

"I knowed she would," he gasped. "Poor things, poor things! How many did we bring ashore?"

I told him fifteen.

"Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough."

"But it was a most gallant act," I said; "and more would have been saved but for the accident. Where are you hurt? It is not serious, I hope?"

"Serious?" he whispered; and then, with a sad smile: "No; it ain't serious. I'm the only one hurt; and my time's up long ago—four year and more. So it ain't serious."

"Where are you hurt?" I said.

"Ribs all crushed," he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat; and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance, and I dared not whisper the comfort I could not feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after laying with his eyes closed for about half-an-hour—"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought to; but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had been more."

"More what?" I said.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see I've been afore now in action; and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for—that's all. Perhaps they might go in the scale, to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah!" he whispered, "duty! Yes, sailors should do their duty; and I felt it was mine, to-night, to go. We old men-o'-war's men were trained to answer to a call in calm or storm; and when lives were at stake to-night, I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to just say a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I'm gone? I think I should like them to, for I'm an old sailor, and can't boast of my past life."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away—far away," he said with a mournful shake of the head; "and some are a-waitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said piteously.

I promised I would not; and sat watching hour after hour listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of stupor, only moaning at intervals as he tossed his head from side to side of the pillow and muttered a few words broken and half-spoken. The storm gradually sunk, till the wind quite lulled; and about three o'clock I half drew the curtain and looked out upon the sea, which still tossed fearfully; though all above was calm and peaceful—a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted: "Morning watch. Draw the curtain, and let that moon shine in."

I obeyed—turning cold and trembling as I did so—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed. "Here," he said; and as I approached the bed he seized my hand. "Hark! don't you hear that! It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There—hark again! There's the waves slashing upon the farther shore. Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! Look out there! The old vessel's struck, and she's going to pieces—the old seventy-four that's weathered so many a storm going ashore. Farewell, messmates! one short struggle, the cold plunge, and a hopeful heart—a brave striking out through the harsh breakers! Land ho! land, ho! on the other side—and it's a land of rest—a land of peace and hope. Now for it! The rush of the dark waters is coming—blinding—deafening—but a bold heart, messmate. God bless you! I'm going ashore."

For some minutes I sat motionless. The old man's eye had lighted up as he gazed straight before him, out upon the moonlit heavens. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, till I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word, his voice had rung out loud and resonant; then he sank back motionless upon the pillow—stained now with his life-blood; and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark was stranded by the sea of Death.

☞ There is a phrenologist in London, who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining the head.

LITTLE FEET.

Little feet so glad and gay,
Making music all the day;
Tripping merrily along,
Filling all my heart with song;
Well I love your music sweet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I would know
Just what way these feet must go!
Praying oft that all be fair,
No thorns, no roughness anywhere;
That flowers may spring their steps to greet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod
Through thorns and briers the nearer God;
Though weak in faith, still I would dare
To offer up the earnest prayer
That Christ would choose whate'er is meet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands to-night,
And kiss them with a new delight,
Believing that where'er they go,
My tender Lord will lead them so
They'll walk at length the golden street;
Patter, patter, little feet.

His Wits About Him.

I

I certainly thought he was "out of his head." He had such peculiar ways, and said such peculiar things; and he went about as if he was in a somnambulic state almost; that is, I don't quite mean that; but he never seemed to take the same notice of what happened about him that other men do. And, as to his ever being surprised at any thing, I never knew him to show surprise on but one occasion in his life. What that occasion was, I shall naturally mention before I am done.

His name was Joseph Harrison, and he was a student at the academy in Sandford—one of the style of academies that seem to have nearly gone out of date now, where both sexes were taught under the same roof. I attended the Sandford school. The Principal's house was on the corner across the way from the academy, and he boarded a dozen or so of the students. I was one of these boarders.

I shall never forget the day Mr. Harrison came to the house to board. I was sitting on the second floor piazza, studying. It was late in a summer afternoon. As he entered the gate I leaned over to look at him, and when he was just underneath, I chanced to drop my book. It struck him on the shoulder, and fell thence to the ground. He turned and looked at it quietly, and then poked it aside with his big cane.

What does he carry that big cane for? thought I; and why don't he pick up my book, or look up at me, or do any other thing that a rational being would?

He rung the bell, and I saw no more of him till tea time. He sat directly opposite me at the table. Would you believe it, he never looked at me once—nor, indeed, at any one else, it seemed—which was the reason, perhaps, why I looked at him more than I ever did at any other young man in my life—in the same length of time.

After tea, we gathered in the parlor, as we were in the habit of doing, and he was introduced to me. He bowed, and then, for the first time, looked at me—or rather, he looked *through* me—as if he saw something behind me, and my head were as transparent as glass. Then he smiled, and turned away.

I confess I was provoked at the manner of the young man. What amused him, I should like to know. When Belle Harrison asked me, afterward, how I liked her cousin, I said I didn't like him at all. She only laughed, and said she believed nobody ever did like him at first.

Somebody asked me to sing. I seated myself at the piano, and gave a song in my best manner—which I had been taught to believe was not an inferior manner, by any means. My voice is good, and I had received the best musical culture. What mysterious influence was at work upon me I did not know; for, if ever I thoroughly disliked a person in my life, I certainly disliked this Mr. Harrison; but, it is true, notwithstanding, that I *sang for him*; and when I turned away from the piano, it was with some special curiosity I anticipated his comments, if he chose to make any, or his manner and its meaning, if he chose to hold his tongue.

If you will believe it, the man was looking at a painting on the wall—looking at it standing up, with his hands clasped behind him, and his back to the company. Was there ever such a clown!

"What is the name of that beautiful song?" asked Orville Redway, a young man from the village, who had been invited to tea, and now sat with us in the parlor.

I told it him.

"I must have it," said he; "it is exquisite." And he took out his lead-pencil to write on a card the name of the piece. He broke his pencil-lead. "Will some one lend me a knife?" he asked. "I have left mine."

Mr. Harrison heard the question, though he was still looking at the painting, and produced a large pocket-knife, which he handed to Mr. Redway.

"It's very sharp," said he; "be careful."

The first thing Redway did was to cut his hand. The blood spirted out in jets. He turned pretty white, but just gathered his hand in his handkerchief, and said it was "a mere scratch," of no consequence."

"Beg your pardon, sir," Mr. Harrison spoke; "it's of some consequence. You'll lose your life, if you don't look out. I'll fix you."

He took his own handkerchief and tied it loosely around Redway's arm. Then he took his knife, shut it carefully, put it under the handkerchief next to the arm, and began to twist it about. As the handkerchief tightened on the arm, the blood ceased to flow.

"Send for a doctor," said Mr. Harrison.

"A doctor!" uttered Redway. "Isn't this a good deal of fuss over a little cut?"

"A little cut," said Mr. Harrison, "when you cut an artery, is a big cut."

Dr. Minor was three doors off, and he came in a few minutes. He expressed great approbation of young Harrison's conduct.

Young Harrison, as unconcerned as a post, had returned to his inspection of the painting he seemed to admire so much. Mr. Redway soon went off with the doctor.

The knife lay on the table. Out of pure impudence, or some similar feeling, I took up this terrible knife, and accidentally cut the end of one of my fingers nearly off. I screamed loudly, for it was a horrid wound, and the blood flowed copiously.

"Well, upon my word!" remarked Mr. Harrison. "Here's another!"

Another! How contemptuous the word sounded to me! I, Margaret Bailey Monroe, confessedly a belle, a beauty, and a lady of rare accomplishments, besides being heiress to a hundred thousand dollars—*I* was just "another!" Why didn't he call me a person, and done with it?" . . . . Well, what would he do with my frightful wound?

"Mix a little flour and salt and put on it," said he; "that will stop the bleeding. It is a mere trifle."

It may have been a trifle, but it was enough to make me swoon. Or perhaps I swooned out of downright vexation at the man.

When I recovered, he was gone. By-and-by, when Belle and I were alone—we roomed together—I asked her what Mr. Harrison said and did when I fainted.

"He said," Belle answered, "'lay her on her back, and leave her alone?'"

"Is that all he said?"

"No; not quite. Some one brought the flour and salt, and he put it on your finger, and said, 'There, tie a rag around it.'"

A rag!

I should certainly hate this young man. . . . After that he became such an object of interest to me that I could scarcely keep my mind off him an hour at a time.

I was not long in learning something of his history. It seems that a love of adventure had sent him on a cruise round the world, when he was a boy of about sixteen, both his parents being dead. He had been absent from his native country four years without interruption, and on his return had decided to go to the academy a short time to correct certain lacks in his education. This explained why a man of his advanced age should be attending school—for he was twenty-one if he was a day, Belle assured me. I myself was about seventeen. I was the only female student of German at the academy, and it was on that account that Mr. Harrison manifested some degree of interest in me, I suppose, for he was almost enthusiastic in his admiration of that scholastic tongue. So I saw a good deal of him, after all.

The following winter, at a party at Mrs. Sand's, in Sandford, one bitter cold night, I chanced to be alone with Nellie Wells one moment in an upper chamber which was used as a cloak-room for the lady guests. There was a furious fire in the stove, and its sides were red-hot. Nellie was a very pretty girl, but rather dull. She wore a dress of some gauzy fabric, and going too near the stove, it took fire. I ran out of the room, screaming at the top of my voice:

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison! Oh, Mr. Harrison!"

He came quickly into the hall; saw me; was up the stairway with a bound; and as I was running back into the room, he went past me, pushing me aside rather rudely, and took in all with a quick, cool glance. Nellie had hauled a quilt from a bed that was in the room, and was trying to stifle the flames. He threw her on the floor, rolled her over and over in the quilt, like a mummy, and extinguished the flames at once—hugged her, too. She was not very badly burned, after all; and her face was not touched by the flames; so that she remained as pretty as ever.

"Remarkably sensible girl," said Mr. Harrison afterward, to a group that clustered about him in the parlor. "Most girls would have rushed headlong into the hall, screaming like"—he looked at me—"like mad," he added, with a quiet smile. "If I ever marry," said he, "which I probably never shall, I shall marry a sensible woman—a woman who would not set up a scream if our youngest should fall into a tub of hot water, but would pull the child out as quickly as possible, and send for a doctor."

Somehow, I was vain enough to think this sarcastic speech was intended solely to rebuke me. I knew I should certainly scream in such a case. It was my nature to scream, and how could I help my nature?

As for that poor little Nellie Wells, I hated her, and almost wished it had been my own dress that had caught fire—only I should certainly have burned to death before Mr. Harrison would have come and wrapped *me* in a quilt and hugged me.

From that day forward, some powerful influence was at work upon me. I struggled hard after that cool manner in danger which Mr. Harrison possessed in so eminent a degree. I even ventured, in the pursuit of perfection, to ask him how he could do it.

"I suppose," said he, "it is because I naturally have such an extreme terror of danger in every shape—such a lively sympathy with those in peril—that I feel very strongly the necessity for being calm when others are excited. I think that whatever excuse a lady may have for losing her wits—and that is, at the best, very little—a man has no excuse whatever. I always try to keep my wits about me."

"To be calm, then," said I, with the withering irony common to girls of from fourteen to eighteen, "one only needs to have his wits about him."

"Exactly," said he; "or, to change the sex, her wits about her."

"Just so," I added, "the secret of wealth is to get money."

"And to keep it," said he.

On one thing I was fully determined—he never should hear me scream again.

However, he left the school soon after; and I did likewise in about six months.

I had effected a great change in myself before I met him again.

II.

It was in the summer of the year which saw me pass my twentieth birthday, that we met at Niagara Falls. He was there with his cousin, my dear friend Belle Harrison, and I with my sister and mother.

On a certain day we all were taking a walk on Goat Island, when mother dropped her parasol, and it slid down the bank some fifteen or twenty feet, and out of reach. Mr. Harrison descended the bank after it, but though he used proper caution, his foot slipped on the treacherous soil, so he was returning, and he slid rapidly down, to the very verge of the precipice. I expected nothing else than to see him go over, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks a hundred feet below; but though the three other ladies screamed loudly, I did not. You see, I was pretty thoroughly drilled by this time. However, as Mr. Harrison neared the edge of the precipice, he threw out his right hand—still holding the parasol in his left—and seized the upturned roots of a tree which leaned out over the chasm. The tree shook violently under the sudden shock, and the roots began to tear themselves out of the thin soil slowly and steadily, under the in-

fluence of this superadded weight. In a few minutes more, it would give way, and then Mr. Harrison would be killed. I know my face was pale, and I was terribly frightened; but I leaned forward and spoke to him:

"Tell me what to do."

"Take all the ladies' shawls, shirts, and any other articles of dress that you can spare, and which are strong; cut them in wide, strong stripe; tie them firmly together and make a rope."

I obeyed as calmly as I knew he would have done, but none the less expeditiously on that account, be very sure. He continued speaking to me at intervals while I was doing his bidding, and he spoke as deliberately, as if he stood in safety by my side.

"Your calmness is quite charming, Miss Monroe," said he. "Be sure and make the knots tight. I judge that this tree may be relied on with perfect confidence for ten or fifteen minutes yet. . . . . Your rope is long enough now, I think. Tie a stone to the end, and let that end down to me. . . . . That's it. All right now. Do nothing but hold fast and stand still, ladies, and I will come up to you."

He drew himself up, hand over hand, with extreme caution, and was saved. My mother's parasol was restored to her with a courtly bow; and he brushed the dust from his clothes and walked away with us. I walked by his side; but he made no reference to the peril just passed.

That evening, however, as we sat on the piazza of our hotel, where it overlooks the river—how well I remember the rushing sound of the waters down below!—he said:

"We are alone now, Miss Monroe, and I can thank you for saving my life, without offence to the other ladies."

It was too dark, out there, for him to see the blush of delight that went over my face at these words. How much they meant, to me!

"I knew I was as good as saved," said he, "when I saw you standing with tightly-clasped hands and your under-lip pressed by your shining teeth, while Belle and the other ladies were trying to drown the roar of old Niagara with their shrieks. I never saw one of your sex before who had the control over herself which you manifested to-day. If I had seen such an exhibition anywhere it would naturally have awakened my admiration; but when it happened to be an exhibition in which my own life or death was concerned, you may imagine my feelings."

The tone in which he uttered these words was so tender and true!—it said so plainly that he would gladly devote all his future life to me! But, though tone and manner said this, his *words* did not say it; and I knew the reason. He believed me already betrothed.

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant who had been a school-mate with my father. It was my father's wish that we should be married. I loved my father, and was anxious to be pleased with his friend's son. Young Willis had been a frequent guest with us, and many considered us already betrothed. He was an agreeable companion in the parlor—a good dancer, and all that; but I cared more for one look of Joseph Harrison's earnest, honest gray eyes than I did for William Willis's whole composition.

According to a previous appointment, Mr. Willis came to the Falls during our stay. He arrived on the evening of the day that witnessed Mr. Harrison's narrow escape from death. He came out upon the piazza where we sat, that evening; and we shook hands. The gentlemen were slightly acquainted, but it was plain Mr. Harrison did not like Mr. Willis much; and with a playful "*Ich muss weggehen*," to me, he rose and went into the ball-room, politely offering his seat to Mr. Willis.

Several days passed. While actually in the position of a rival toward Mr. Willis, Mr. Harrison by no means permitted himself to act as if he were such. He was very courteous to Mr. Willis, and quietly yielded all preferences relating to me and my society. He seemed, however, to be studying us—weighing the evidence of regard between us—trying to form a conclusion as to the probable extent of our relations matrimony-ward. Oh, it *did* seem to me as if he might, so brave a man as he was—plainly put a few questions to me on the subject! I would quickly have assured him how little Mr. Willis was to me.

At last, I had nearly made up my mind to a desperate thing: nothing less indeed, than to seek the intercession of his cousin, my friend Belle. I would tell her how much I loved Mr. Harrison, and beg her to inform him in some sly feminine way, that I should *never* marry Mr. Willis, and that we were *not* "engaged." However, I neglected to do this, just one day too long.

It was a Monday—the last day of our intended stay at the Falls. Mr. Willis invited me to ride. I had no courteous refusal at hand, and I consented to go with him. Indeed, I had half promised him, some days before. There was a New York friend of his staying at the Falls, who had with him a favorite horse—a fiery, handsome animal—and Mr. Willis had repeatedly invited me to ride behind him. I could put off the ride no longer, of course.

I did not much like the vicious manner in which the horse, at starting, laid back his ears and bounded away; but I said nothing. We had not been riding many minutes, ere the animal chose to take fright at the flapping of a line-full of newly washed clothing, in the door-yard of a house near the river bank; and, taking the bit in his teeth, he ran away. Our road lay along the bank—safe enough, certainly, for a ride with a horse under control; but decidedly *not* the best place for a runaway, because there was a spot, not over half a mile distant, where the chances were frightfully great that we should be thrown over the precipice and killed. At the rate we were now going, we should reach that dangerous place very soon. William Willis looking ahead, comprehended the danger, and his face blanched.

"Good God!" he cried, "it's death!"

With that he threw up the reins, and jumped out of the buggy, striking a rock, and breaking his collar-bone—as I found afterward.

As for me, I kept my seat. If it should become necessary for me to jump, then I would jump; but I was determined not to take that venture till it was imperatively demanded, by the imminency of the danger at hand. So long as there was a possibility that the horse's progress might be arrested, I held to that hope; because, when a horse is running furiously down a smooth road, there is no choice between jumping spots, till the crisis is at hand.

While I sat, clinging firmly to the seat, and looking out sharply ahead, for the dangerous place must now be drawing near, a man—it was Mr. Harrison—sprung with astonishing agility at the horse's head, from among some trees at the roadside, caught the bit, jerked it back, and actually tore the animal's lips, so that blood flowed, so energetic was the action. There was no resisting the iron will, backed by the iron nerve. The runaway came to a stop. Mr. Harrison drew him to the side of the road, and examined the harness and buggy carefully.

"Nothing broken," said he. "A very narrow escape, Miss Monroe. I saw you coming, and had just time to get my wits in order. There, don't thank me; I didn't know it was you, and should have done just the same for any one else."

"But you are hurt?" said I, noticing that he limped.

"Yes, the horse trod on my foot."

"Oh, how unfortunate! . . . . Shall I get out?"

"No," said he; "that is, it is unnecessary that you should. Sit still and get rested. He will run no more to-day, I promise you." He came around, and placed his lamed foot carelessly on a wheel of the buggy, and spoke in his usual calm tone. "When a horse has had a fine, lively run like that, he is inclined to be quiet for the rest of the day. You can drive him back in perfect safety. But, I did not know you were fond of taking drives all alone by yourself, Miss Monroe?"

"I was not riding alone," said I, "my driver jumped out."

"And left you?" said he, astonished.

"Yes."

"He ought to be horsewhipped! May I ask the coward's name?"

"His name," said I, "is William Willis."

Mr. Harrison stared, amazed.

"Willis! I beg your pardon, Miss Monroe." This very coldly. "I should not have spoken in those terms, if I had known that your companion was your—" He stopped, and bit his lip.

"My *fiancé*, you would say," I made quick response. "But he is *not* my *fiancé*, Mr. Harrison. I would sooner marry a woman than such a coward."

I spoke with some heat, and he looked up at my excited face with his dry smile.

"Will you marry *me*, Miss Monroe?"

"Yes," said I.

And I did.

It was a queer place for a proposal, was it not? But my husband is not like other men. He always has *his wits about him*.

Here I had finished; but my husband, reading what I had written, made this comment: "Which few men do when they pop the question, my dear, *nicht wahr?*"

OLD FRIENDS.

The old, old friends!
Some changed, some buried, some gone out of sight;
Some enemies, and in the world's swift flight
No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—
Where are they? Three are lying in one grave,
One from the far-off world on the wild wave
No loving message sends.

The old, dear friends!
One passes daily, and one wears a mask;
Another, long-estranged, cares not to ask
Where causeless anger ends.

The old, dear friends!
So many and so fond in days of youth—
Alas! that Faith can be divorced from Truth,
When love in severance ends.

The old, old friends!
They hover round me still in evening shades;
Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,
And life on God depends.

Voices—What They Indicate.

There are light, quick, surface voices that involuntarily seem to utter the slang, "I won't do to tie to." The man's word may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out, as if the man owed humanity a grudge and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponents may well tremble, and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone that is full of a covert sneer, or a secret "You can't dupe-me-sir" intimation.

Then there is the whining, beseeching voice that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you; its words say, "I love you—I admire you; you are every thing that you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice that sometimes goes with sharp features, as they merely indicate intensity of feeling, and sometimes with blunt features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affectation and pretence, your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty, strength and purpose, your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold, calm, and firm, and consistent, or fickle, and foolish, and deceptious, your voice will be equally truth-telling.

You cannot wear a mask without being known you wear one.

You cannot change your voice from a natural to an unnatural tone without its being known that you are doing so.

"USM."

This new word, says the Mining Press, was recently coined in our beautiful bay, under the following circumstances: A young gent and miss on the Oakland ferry boat were engaged in affectionate conversation, when their attention was attracted by a large steamship lying in the stream. "What is the name of that noble ship?" inquired the lady. "The 'Usm,'" responded the knowing youth, with significant promptness. "The 'Usm,' why, I never heard such a name." "Yes," he continued, "the 'Usm;' can't you read those large letters on the side, U. S. M., 'Usm?'" (United States Mail.) Young miss saw the drift, modestly turned aside into gentle convulsions, and was soon after engaged in walking the young gentleman about the deck for the benefit of his health, in a more secluded portion of the boat.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER I.

"I do not care——"

The words were scarcely consciously uttered, they rather escaped from the lips of a slight-looking girl, who stood crumpling a newspaper in her hand.

Presently she straightened it out slowly and methodically, and passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away some impediment that prevented her rightly understanding the passage upon which her eyes were riveted, read aloud the words thereof carefully and distinctly: she paused between each word, as though each were spelt and pronounced irrespective of its companions. It was a mere mechanical effort, productive of no mental result.

This seemed to occur to her, for she threw away the paper with an impatient gesture, and sat down, leaning her arms on the table, and laying her head upon them.

After a pause of a few moments she looked up, again took the paper, and spreading it on her knees, sat gazing upon it as if resolved not to give up until she had fully mastered the portion, whatever it might be, that produced so great an effect.

It was but a very small part of that mass of printing that attracted her attention. To her there were not above twenty distinct words in the whole sheet, and those words were standing out in letters of flame, flashing, scorching into her brain,—so bright that they dazzled her, and she needed for them to be less brilliant that she might see them more clearly. She shaded her eyes with one hand, whilst with the forefinger of the other she pointed to the words in succession, this time whispering them softly in a connected sentence, unlike the disjointed spelling manner of her first attempt, and this time she was more successful; she comprehended it now, for she gave a sudden start, the paper again fell to the ground, and she clasped her hands tightly over her heart as if to keep it in its place; her lips were slightly apart, her eyes were closed, and her face was very white,—a sickly, ghastly whiteness as of one in great pain.

The portion of the paper she had been looking at contained the births, deaths, and marriages; it was only an announcement of a marriage that she had seen.

The same thing is continually happening. What does it matter? people get accustomed to it. A marriage is not always just what has been expected; sometimes it is, sometimes it is not; sometimes it is a surprise, sometimes it is a shock. Who can tell how many faces have turned pale, and how many hearts turned faint and stricken, on looking over the marriage list in the Times? It is a secret too well kept to be known by the world at large, but the world sometimes makes good guesses, though, fortunately for human weakness, it has no microscope powerful enough to magnify those guesses into certainties.

The marriage in the present case was not altogether a surprise: it had been carefully searched for in the paper for many weeks, therefore it ought to have been no shock. Not exactly—suspense often induces hope, instead of crushing it.

The girl was evidently undergoing a severe mental struggle, and there were several elements at work striving for the mastery. Now she started up, and paced the room hurriedly, like a panther measuring the narrow limits of his cage, then again she flung herself into a chair, and her head fell back,—all power seemed gone, and but for the quick moving of the nostrils, and the working of the hands, she might have been taken for a statue of marble.

Once more, she roused herself, she sat up straight in the chair, she pushed back the long fair hair that had fallen loose in her energetic pacing of the apartment, and walking to the mantel piece, quietly rolled back the hair that was out of place, and gazing earnestly at the reflection of her face, thought how much older it looked than the last time she had seen it there.

Once more she took up the newspaper, and looked at those twenty words; they were not flashing out so brightly as they had done; they were quite clear and plain now, much more distinct than any other words in the paper; she could read them easily, she understood their meaning, she knew that Charles Cunningham had a wife named Margaret, and that she must leave off thinking about him, and about the time when——

She could do it, so pride said: but pride had several rivals to put down. She was going to tear up the paper, but the words flashed out again; she would not destroy them; she should not remember, she should not believe in the fact they announced, if she destroyed that evidence. So she took up a pair of scissors, and cutting the paragraph out of the paper, placed it in an envelope and locked it in her desk, throwing the paper on the floor.

The occupation, slight as it was, seemed to have revived her. She drew herself up proudly, glanced at the slight figure in the mirror opposite, with the sunlight glittering on the soft silken hair that he had compared to threads of gold. "I do not care;" and a momentary flush came into the white cheeks, and a sparkle into the languid eyes; but flush and sparkle died away the next moment, and as she sank back in her chair, a sharp, bitter cry arose—

"Oh, God! my life is gone."

CHAPTER II.

Nearly seven years had passed away since Adriana Linden cut the paragraph out of the newspaper. Time had taken but slight toll of her during those seven years; she was a little graver looking than she used to be, and there was a certain reserve of manner that might have been taken for haughtiness. The color had gone from her cheeks, but it might have been that the sunny climes she had been living in of late years had faded it away. Time had wrought greater changes in her fortune than in her appearance, and by the death of her mother even the small annuity that had sufficed to keep them in foreign lands was gone, and she was at the present time dependent on the kindness of a distant relative.

The house wherein Adriana Linden was a guest was of a kind often met with in England, partly a farm and partly a house of higher pretensions, the master partaking of a two-fold character likewise, but with all a worthy man, with a wife in whom the virtues of the standard Lady Bountifuls of half a century since were concentrated, together with some of the whims and prejudices one is apt to connect with that particular species of the human race. The good couple possessed one child, a merry warm-hearted daughter, who had grown up almost wild in the country, with slender store of book learning, and still slenderer store of accomplishments, and whose mild execution of the Battle of Prague had been looked upon by herself and parents as a masterpiece of musical skill, until the masterly touch of her pale relative's fingers had brought such sounds out of the ancient piano as had never before been heard in that part of the country.

Long and long would the country girl sit listening to her cousin's playing or her cousin's singing, or wondering at the, to her, amazing extent of her cousin's knowledge. She did not envy her attainments; it would have bored Katy to death to have made even an approach to them; but she wondered—she admired, exaggerating in proportion to her own ignorance. Her simple admiration amounted to reverence; she regarded Adriana as a superior being, somewhat incomprehensible, much to be admired, slightly to be in awe of, yet to be loved, yet to be pitied.

It was a cosy old-fashioned parlor the two were sitting in now; the narrow windows on one side were partly open to let in the lazy breezes of July, and partly shaded to keep off the burning rays of the noonday sun. If you looked through them you would see a trim garden, whose formal beds were hedged with high box borders. This garden was divided from a hay-field by a sunk fence. If this hay-field had not been peopled with busy hay-makers, you might have expected to see deer in it, so park-like an appearance did several fine clumps of trees give to it, and so deceptive was the gentle rise which prevented the hedge that bounded it from being seen. Beyond this gentle rise stretch field and wood for many a mile, till they met with a boundary in a faint blue line of hills. Opposite the windows that commanded this view, a smaller one, with a sweet-briar rose twining over it, looked into Katy's neat poultry-yard. The well-polished mahogany book-case that filled an ample recess was large enough to have contained treasures of literature, but its glass doors were lined with green silk, and moreover were kept carefully locked, so that the curious public were quite unaware of its contents. The piano of ancient date stood at one side, surmounted with still more ancient china vases; opposite was a wide dimity-covered sofa; whilst well-stuffed chairs vied in gorgeous patterned chintz, with the wreaths and bunches of wonderful flowers worked upon corpulent footstools and narrow ottomans; and over the mantlepiece hung a specimen of Mrs. Davis's early skill in needle-work, with her maiden name, the title of the piece, and the date of its completion in large letters and figures underneath. It was the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah. The eyes of the patriarch and those of his intended were relieved with shining black beads, which had been considered at the time as a most ingenious device for imparting a life-like expression to the countenance; and the ear-rings and other adornments which Eliezer had lavished on his master's bride were wrought with beads of gold and divers colors. The narrow gilt frame was somewhat tarnished, but was nevertheless still guarded with yellow gauze, as a thing precious in the eyes of its comely artist; and so it was: to her its original lustre had never been dimmed, and, looking at it, she recalled the time when she, a bright, rosy girl, sat stitching at the large embroidery frame, and each stitch served her now as the pleasant date of some old memory.

"It was in hay-making time, just such a day as this," said Mrs. Davis, "that I put the finishing touch into Eliezer's turban. I mind well thinking it was just the color of the sky. Ah, its a little faded now; you must look after the blinds, Katy, and see that they are always down in the middle of the day. Girls' fingers," continued Mrs. Davis, blandly, contemplating her *chef d'œuvre*, "were more industrious than they are now: when would a girl now-a-days think of beginning such a piece of work as that? all in tent stitch too!"

"Why, as to beginning it, mother," said Katy, "one might easily think of doing that; the finishing would be the difficulty. But girls had not so much to learn in those days as they have now; so there was more time for sewing and stitching."

"Ay, indeed, there's too much learning, and fretting after things that one can't understand, in these times; and I don't see what good comes of it. Where's the use of learning French, for instance, if you are never going to France?—which I hope Katy never will. When you've the happiness to be born in a country like this, where one is comfortable, what need is there to go out of it to be uncomfortable?—and England's the only place where things are at all home-like, I believe. There's no good to be got from foreign countries, dears. Ah, you know nothing about Buonaparte: that was long before your time; I can but just remember the fright we were all in about him, and how my sisters locked the bed-room doors at night, and ran great chests against them to keep out the French if there should be an invasion whilst we were asleep. There can be no good in the country he belonged to, that's certain; and if there's no good in France, where's the good in the language? It was against my will that Katy ever took any French lessons."

"But I did not learn much, mother, and I'm afraid I've forgotten it all now," said Katy, half apologetically.

"Well, child, there's some comfort in that; some things are best forgotten."

"But Buonaparte was not a Frenchman," began Adriana.

"Never mind, dear; he ruled over the French, and was from foreign parts. There's not much difference; one foreign part's as foreign as another; it comes to the same thing in the end. I never troubled my mind much about foreign affairs; one has quite enough to do with home duties."

"But, mother," pleaded Katy, "there is some good in learning; what would Adrie have done if she had not been able to speak anything but English, when she was far away from England?"

The answer that was in Mrs Davis's heart did not rise to her lips, for the delicate health and the slender purse that had been the reasons of Mrs. Linden's going abroad came to her remembrance as she looked at Adrie; and she thought of the distant cousin whose bones were lying in a foreign burying-ground, beneath a bluer sky than she had ever dreamed of, even when Eliezer's turban was in its pristine glory.

"Adrie's learned what she has learned, and it can't be helped; maybe it will do her no harm; some things suit some people, and some suit others, and what does for Adrie does not do for you. Too much study gives pale cheeks. The wisest man says 'It was a weariness to the flesh,' and I'm not going to gainsay the wisest of men, and him a king too. We must give Adrie some roses like yours."

And Mrs. Davis looked kindly at Adriana, then, her eyes, turning on her own daughter, she gave a mother's preference with maternal pride to the bright, blooming country maiden, and her heart filled with a yet larger measure of the good Samaritan's compassion for the forlorn stranger.

"I wish mother did not despise French and learning, and all that, so much," said Katy, when Mrs. Davis had left the room; "sometimes I wish I knew more. Do you think she's wrong? Isn't it best to know everything as you do?"

"But I don't know everything. I'm far from that."

"Ah, but more than most people. Don't you look down upon people that know nothing?—don't you despise them?"

"Only sometimes," began Adriana.

"Ah!" interrupted Katy, "me, and mother, and father—"

"No, no—I did not finish my sentence, Katy; you would scarcely understand it if I did; I don't despise you, and sometimes I half think your mother is right. Perhaps one is happier the less one knows. One feels one's inferiority less; there are fewer wishes, less ambition, less restlessness, more peace."

"Would you give up all you know?"

"Not now I know it; it has opened deep rivers, and I must float along with them; I must see whither they go. It's a restless tide, that will not let me land."

"There, now you are getting grand and poetic, and I don't understand you. But you don't think there is no use in learning? Mother thinks everything waste of time when one is not doing something useful."

"The point is to determine what is useful. Just now my great acquirements, as you are pleased to consider them, are more useful to me than sewing, or baking, or cake-making, or any other household art could possibly be, for they give me a fortune."

Katy loked up.

"Half the time, Adrie, I don't know what you mean, but I suppose I shall when you have been with us longer."

"I shall not be here much longer; I am going away."

"Where? why? you have no friends but us. You are not offended with us?"

"Offended! what are you dreaming about? No, I have no friends but you, and I could not have kinder ones; but I've my own way to make in the world, and I must make it my own way."

"And what is your way?"

"Oh, I'm only at the preface; I can't tell what the first chapter will be, till I have looked into it."

"Is it a book, Adrie? can you make stories that every one will buy?" And Katy looked with deeper veneration at the strange, wonderful relative.

"No, not a book, something safer to begin with. There, that will enlighten you upon the subject." And Adriana tossed a letter across the table. Katy read it attentively, laid it down, looked first at Adriana, then at the letter, with a puzzled look.

"You going to teach little children of four and five years old, Adrie? Why, how can you? you—you—" stammered Katy, coming to an awkward pause.

Adriana laughed, half bitterly.

"Are not fit for it,—let me finish the sentence for you;—not much of the milk of human kindness in me; no sympathy with childish troubles—little eyes overflowing with infantine grief at not being able to master the wonderful phenomenon, that a-b spells ab. No patience, perhaps,—patience! yes, I have patience," said Adrie, jumping up, and pacing the room in a manner that practically contradicted her theory. "Yes, you may look, and doubt too, but I can be patient—if I choose. People can be anything they choose, at least I can."

"I can't," said Katy, "I wish I could; I'm always going wrong when I'm wishing to go right."

Adriana paused in her rapid promenade, as if some new idea had struck her.

"You! why, what have you to do but right? Why, you can do nothing but what is right."

"'The heart is deceitful,'" quoted Katy, timidly.

Adriana laughed outright.

"Not yours, Katy. If there ever was a truthful little heart, you have it."

But Katy had advanced an opinion, and she felt she must stand to it,—weakly it might be, but still stand.

"All hearts, Adrie," she said, without looking up, "mine, as well as others."

"Mine is not deceitful," said Adrie, hastily. "I know it well enough; I know the bad and the good in it; I need not let the bad preponderate unless I like. What I choose to do I can do."

But Katy had made her little protest, and could go no further; she would have been beaten in argument, and she knew it; nevertheless, she had a vague sense that her cousin was wrong, and that if she were only as clever as her cousin she could explain herself clearly, and her helplessness smote on her painfully as something which had been partly in her own power to have prevented. Adriana was for once puzzled by her country cousin; she could not understand the perplexed face, but there was something in it that touched her, and, stooping down, she kissed Katy, saying:—

"Never mind, little one, I'm not so good as you are, but I must take my own course, and the result will prove the theory. It's a great world, and there's room for every one to run in the race. If there are stumbling-blocks in my path, I must get over them as I can. The race must be run, the battle must be fought: I am going to the wars, Katy."

Katy would fain have made a reply, but the half-jesting manner of Adriana acted as a check to her speech.

And Adriana bore down all opposition to her leaving Silverdale.

The night before she went away, Katy brought her an old-fashioned locket, containing a tress of shining brown hair, and showed her a secret spring at the back.

"But you are not to open it, Adrie, at least, not now,—not till some great stumbling-block comes that you have fallen over,—something that you are quite sure has been a stumbling-block."

"Till then I must look upon it as a talisman to keep me from falling, I suppose, the serpent being the symbol of wisdom," answered Adriana, examining the enamelled case of the locket, on which was traced a serpent, studded here and there with small brilliants.

"And for eternity," replied Katy; "see—his

tail is in his mouth. Oh, Adrie, I'm so sorry you're going."

"You're over wilful, Adrie," said good Mrs. Davis; "I don't know where it comes from; your mother was as gentle a lass as ever lived. Poor Susie! many a pleasant day we've had together in the woods at Burnleigh; you're her own child, to look at, with your pale cheeks, and your yellow hair. It seems like turning you away to let you go, but 'wilful woman will have her own way.' Remember, though, you've a home here whenever you want one. The sheep sometimes come wandering to the fold from far off. There's sorrow and trouble without, and maybe, lassie, it will not be all as bright as you're thinking. Dear me," said Mrs. Davis, in vague peroration, "it all comes, I'm afraid, of too much learning."

CHAPTER III.

In a few days a letter arrived at Silverdale, bearing the London post-mark.

"Dear Katy," it said, "you see that, despite the tendency of mortals to go astray, I have reached my destination; you yourself could not have come in a more straightforward matter-of-fact manner. My journey was totally eventless, the monotony being only broken by a stout, puffy gentleman offering me the Times, after he had finished reading it himself, and again by an equally stout lady forcing upon my acceptance a sandwich and two sponge biscuits. With these exceptions I was left to my own meditations, with which I will not trouble you, saving to tell you that as the chimneys of Silverdale vanished in the distance, a half-desolate sensation stole over me. But I have left off analyzing my feelings; it is a bad habit, tending to produce a morbid state of mind, in my opinion; therefore I set myself to look vigorously onward to the future, and to ignore the past. Oh, for a draught of nepenthe! But I am almost beginning to think I have taken one, or that I am not the same being I was some years ago. They say our bodies are constantly changing, and that after a certain number of years not a particle of the old body remains. It seems odd at that rate that one does not get rid of scars, instead of the particles forming so exactly like the old marks that one could swear to their immutability. Perhaps something of the same kind takes place in the soul,—the same, and yet not the same. I seem to have had two distinct lives: one that is worked out and complete, and another that is just begun,—a new thread, knotted in, perfectly disjoined, and yet so neatly fitting that the break is imperceptible, an inverse metempsychosis, the same body animated by diverse soul. There you will say, I am getting incomprehensible, so I will return to rationalities.

"The end of my journey was my arrival here; but my stay will not be long, as there is going to be a general move into the country to the house of Mr. Braddick's elder brother, or, rather, half-brother. Mr. Braddick is in India, looking after some property that has been left to him, which will place himself, Mrs. Braddick, and my two pupils, in that position figuratively described as 'rolling in wealth.'

"Mrs. Braddick is an insipid person, with straw-colored hair, cold bluish eyes, and a very pink-and-white complexion, altogether uninteresting, and I can imagine it must be rather a relief to Mr. Braddick than otherwise to be in India for a short time. We had a little conversation last night, probably she meant to be gracious, so I am willing to take the will for what it is worth, and excuse the manner of its execution. I send you the conversation as nearly verbatim as I can:—

"*Mrs. Braddick.*—'I dare say you feel tired, Miss Linden?'

"*Miss Linden.*—'Not much, thank you.'

"*Mrs. B.*—'How long were you in coming?'

"*Miss L.*—'About eight hours.'

"*Mrs. B.*—'Is it possible?—eight hours in one day! I should have supposed it impossible.'

"*Miss L.*—'Time passes quickly in travelling. The change of scene and of passengers takes up one's attention.'

"*Mrs. B.*—(*musingly*)—'Ah!' (*A pause.*) 'You have never been a governess before, Miss Linden?'

"*Miss L.*—'No.'

"*Mrs. B.*—'Ah! you would not find many situations like the one you will have with me.'

"*Miss L.*—(*interrogatively, anxiously, and suggestively*)—'No?'

"*Mrs. B.*—(*explanatorily*)—'Yes.'

"What the 'yes' means I have yet to find out, for Mrs. Braddick did not add anything further. There was a prolonged pause, at the end of which Mrs. Braddick observed that probably I should not care to see my pupils until morning, and that perhaps I might like to retire to rest, when a slight scuffle was heard outside, the door burst open, and in rushed two handsome children. The elder, a little girl, after glancing at me, stole round to her mother's side, but the boy paused, and stood looking at me.

"His first observation was an unexpected one:

"'Do 'oo have spectacles?' (spectacles.)

"'No.'

"'Then me will like 'oo.'

"Whereupon he came nearer still, examining me attentively with his large, dark eyes, as if measuring what degree of confidence I might be entitled to. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory, for on my bending out my hand, he came and seated himself on my knee, and whispered, confidentially:—

"'Me always naughty at my lessons.'

"You know I don't generally care much about children, but there was a look about this child that I could not withstand—half loving, half defiant. We were friends at once, and soon the little girl, emboldened by her brother's example, drew nearer, and at length joined in his praise.

"So it's 'Veni, vidi, vici,' with regard to the children; but you don't understand Latin and allusions, which is perhaps as well, for I may be mistaken, as the first battle being a victory is not always an index to the whole campaign. It is not 'vici' quite with Mrs. Braddick; there is a repulsion between us, though we are exceedingly civil to one another. Neither is it 'vici,' as respects Mr. Richard Etheredge, Mr. Braddick's half-brother, who has come up to town to escort his sister to Etheredge Court. We are mutually suspicious; I see him furtively glancing at me from time to time, and I must plead guilty to taking similar surveys of him. When we detect each other in the act of thus taking notes, we turn our attention immediately to some other object. I am intently and instantaneously engrossed with whatever book or paper happens to be near, and he has a happy faculty of seeming to look at nothing, or of seeing something beyond the object at which he happens to be gazing. It is not a vacant gaze either, but an intelligent piercing of the distance that one would think penetrated the very walls of the room, and was calmly contemplating what might be beyond them.

"So much for the people I am thrown with; and as I know the question that would be on your lips if you were here, I will answer it in anticipation, if not affirmatively, negatively, 'I am not unhappy,' in fact I am in a state of perfect quiescence; I don't wish for anything, and I am quite resigned to anything that may happen. I am floating along on the river, as I told you, listening to dreamy music from the shore; the current seems smooth enough at present, and a fair wind is wafting me along like a driven leaf on the surface. I shall not sink, I know that; I am in an atmosphere of peace at last. Strange that action should be rest!"

* * * * *

Katy mused long over the letter, which she did not give to her mother to read. She told her its contents in her own words.

"Poor Adrie," said Mrs. Davis, "my mind misgives me about her. I wish all the books in the world were burned! Don't you take to reading, Katy; it's not for women to be troubling their heads with books and suchlike; it makes men good for nothing, and women can less easily stand it. There's our vicar as full of book-learning as an egg's full of meat,—good soul that he is; but it's my belief that he does not know from day to day what he's had for dinner, or, for the matter of that, whether he's had any dinner at all; and never shall I forget the time when that gipsy scamp stole his fowls, and sold them to him afterwards, and he never so much as knew his own speckled hen that gained two prizes, nor the great Cochin China neither. We must get Adrie back to us, I dare say she'll soon tire. There's no place like the country, with plenty of cows and sheep and poultry round you for company."

"Adrie's going into the country, mother."

"Ah, but what sort of country?—a cooped-up grand house, with no liberty to roam about. To my mind, the worst prison would be one that you could catch a glimpse of fields and hills from, and be ever longing to be there, and yet never able to reach them."

"I don't know, mother."

"Ah, but I do; and depend upon it I'm not far wrong; but young heads always think they have more wisdom than old ones. I've had my fancies, but they've taken flight, and perhaps Adrie's will. We must be tender with her. What we old ones fail most in is want of memory; we forget that we have been young; we don't make allowances sometimes, Katy. We forget—we forget—"

"Not you, mother," said Katy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Fall Asleep.

The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which, in most cases of wakefulness, has possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process: I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or upwards, or downwards as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision around in their sockets, and continue doing this until—I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five at the most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other which I ever heard to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it.

Since I became aware of this I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around my mind was blank. If any one doubt this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause just here and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of a "penny for his thoughts," or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, would add very little to his wealth.

Such being its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in the fields.

The Top Dog.

The world, the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has the same tale to tell that I tell,
And the same song to sing.

For you and me they care not a fig,
Nor ask which is wrong or right,
But they go in for the strongest dog—
For the upper dog in the fight.

I tell you that this great big world
Will but for a moment stop
To see which dog may be in fault,
Then shout for the dog on top.

AN ELOQUENT FRAGMENT.—One will look long to find a better description of extreme old age than the following, written in the year 1680, by Nathaniel Lee:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long—
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner;
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till like a clock, worn out with beating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

THE PRESIDENTS.—Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor, were Episcopalians; J. Adams, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, were Unitarians; Jackson, Polk and Lincoln, were Presbyterians; Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church. The surviving Presidents are Fillmore, a Unitarian; Pierce, a Trinitarian Congregationalist, who recently is said to have joined the Episcopal Church; Buchanan, an Episcopalian during his term of office, but is said to have joined the Presbyterians this year, and Johnson is a Presbyterian.

☞ Picturesque—a slip of white pasteboard, trimmed with green ribbon, with seven bows and a small card green-house on top, waterfall underneath, carried round by a frame of human nature.

An Indian's Revenge.

It was toward the close of the day. The air was keen and cold, and the sharp breeze, as they wafted through the snow-covered mountains, added ample severity to the weather. The snow had long ceased to fall, but the winds which whirled it in all sorts of ways made the scene much more desolate and dreary than before. The lakes and streams were frozen over, and the forests, like mountain, hill and valley, were snugly wrapped in the spotless robe of winter.

Down the gentle slope of a snow-crested hill came the solitary form of an Indian. Deep in the snow he trod, and at each succeeding step his body would lean forward, as if the whole day had been spent in weary journeying. Occasionally he would halt, for the blinding drifts of snow rendered his progress slow and uncertain.

At length he came to the forest. Here the fury of the wind and drifts was somewhat abated, but nevertheless the snow was deep and the travelling extremely difficult.

The Indian was well advanced in years. The marks of many a hard fought conflict still lingered on his brow; while his features, notwithstanding his weariness, bore rather a pleasing appearance.

For nearly an hour he trudged wearily through the forest, frequently stopping and looking around, as if uncertain whether to go on or not. But to conclude his journey then would be certain death, for the forest about him offered no proper shelter for the night. Yet he went on. Suddenly a glimmer of light met his eye, which made him start and utter a short exclamation. It looked much like a star, and could be at no great distance.

With a long-drawn breath he turned his steps toward the light, hoping that he might discover some means of shelter thereabouts. He had not gone far ere he stood before the rough walls of a log cabin. The rude shutters were partly open, while within burned a bright light. The Indian naturally supposed that this was the home of a white man; but whether he would be able to find shelter within he knew not. However, a few preparatory examinations would not do much injury. Accordingly he stepped silently to the window and gazed in.

The walls of the building contained two rooms. Within the one nearer the window sat a woman, apparently a backwoodsman's wife. She held a small book in her hand, and while the bright flame shed its rays over the pages she read aloud—

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

Here she paused. The Indian heard the words that she had read, and a faint ray of hope seemed to illuminate his countenance. "Give to him that asketh," still rang in his ears; and if she would do so, he thought, then all doubts would flee, and he would be made snug and comfortable.

However, he resolved to seek admission, for the night was growing colder every moment, and the winds more furious than ever. He soon found the door, when he gave a gentle rap. In a moment it was opened about two inches, and the lady inquired—

"Who is there?"

"I am tired and hungry," replied the Indian, "and want rest; am I welcome?"

"Who are you, though?" persisted the lady, in no wise intimidated.

"I am a friend. My feet are cold and my lips burn for food."

Then the lady thought of the sacred passage she had read—"give to him that asketh thee." Opening the door a little farther she peeped out. As the bright light in the room shone upon the face of the shivering stranger, she could not help marking the excellent expression portrayed in his countenance, and she kindly offered the Indian shelter beneath her roof. He thanked her over and over again, and for the first time that day he was in warm quarters.

But the door was hardly closed before the husband appeared from the other room.

"Why, Louis," said the lady, seemingly surprised, "I thought you were asleep."

"So—I—was," he replied drawing the words out with a lengthy yawn; "but—my gracious!" he exclaimed, "who have you here? An Indian!"

His wife explained matters as clearly as she could, but without the least effect. He turned toward the stranger, and in a rude manner ordered him from the building.

The woman begged hard that he might be allowed to remain, saying that it would be an act of charity, and would probably save the poor fellow from freezing to death. Yet the backwoodsman was inflexible.

"You have no right to come here, sir," said he to the red man, "and you must leave at once. You are entirely out of your latitude. I have often been out in such a night as this, and you can do the same."

"But I shall die before the great light rises again," said the Indian, sadly.

"And you may if you remain here," was the white man's ready and unfeeling answer.

The stranger turned to depart, the woodman following closely after.

"You ought to know better than to come here for shelter," said the latter. "Suppose I was to apply at your village for lodgings, what then?"

He ceased speaking, for the weary outcast was gone.

"You have done a wrong thing in expelling that poor fellow," said his wife, several minutes after.

"Don't fear about that," responded her husband in an offhand manner.

"But I do fear about it," continued the other. "Now mark my word: that Indian, if he ever gets home alive, will relate the story of his expulsion, and what then? why the whole village will be down upon us, our cabin will be burned, and we shall be killed!"

* * * * * *

Time rolled on. It had been many days since the woodman turned the Indian from his door, but no revenge had yet been shown.

One bright morning the woodman took his rifle and knife, and went out into the forest to shoot. But little game could be found, so he proceeded up to the mountains, which offered greater facilities for sport. But for some reason even here game was scarce. He could not understand it.

As the sun grew brighter overhead, he built a fire and began devouring a small fowl that he had taken. When in the midst of his meal his eyes rested on the hoof-marks of a deer, but a few paces ahead. This was too much. He instantly threw away what remained of his scanty repast, and seizing his rifle he set off on the trail.

In a few minutes the noble animal came in sight. But the hunter was too hasty in his movements, for the desired prize detected his approach, and set off again with great speed. The woodman fired and wounded the deer, nevertheless this did not stop his progress. The former, thinking that exhaustion might perhaps compel him to stop in a short time, followed after; but as he was passing through an intricate accumulation of briers and rocks he stumbled and fell heavily to the ground.

How long he lay unconscious he knew not, but when his senses revived he found an Indian bending over him, bathing the wound on his brow with some preparation of roots. The Indian continued his benevolent actions, and when the other had regained sufficient strength he helped him to his feet. The fall had hurt him pretty badly, and, moreover, he lost his expected prize.

When both were side by side, the Indian took the hunter gently by the arm, and looking him steadily in the eyes, asked—

"Do you remember me?"

"No, I do not," replied the hunter, with a searching look.

The red man continued—

"You do not remember the cold, stormy night, long ago, when a poor Indian stopped at your cabin for rest and shelter, and you turned him away? I was that Indian; and I have saved your life."

The woodman looked confused, for he now recollected the event. He invited the Indian to his cabin, and they both proceeded thither as two friends. The hunter thanked him again and again, and ever since that time the red man has found a home beneath the cabin's roof.

The French Flower Girl.

Isabella, the flower girl of the Jockey Club was recently assaulted by two or three ruffians, and was so brutally treated by them that she has not yet been able to return to her post. She is greatly missed by the Jockey Club, whose members don't know where to go for flowers. The object of her assailants was to get her money and jewels. It is of public notoriety that she always has a thousand dollars of money about her person, and ear-rings and finger-rings worth, perhaps $2,000. They are presents made her by the wealthy foreigners, especially Russians and Turks, who have the freedom of the Jockey Club conferred on them. She does not spend her money so foolishly. She invests all the money she makes, and it is said has now a fortune of $50,000 and as stainless a reputation as any lady in Paris. The Duke of Brunswick seriously thought of marrying her, but the opposition of his family, which was averse to the appearance of an heir to his diamonds, prevented it. He was afraid his family would have him locked up as a sort of madman.

A Persian Jenkins.

"Jenkins" is at work in Persia. The Shah having gone out on a hunting expedition, the official journal in Teheran narrates his exploits in this amusing fashion:—"The royal personage, who casts on the earth the shadow of God, has passed very agreeably his time at the chase at Djadjeroud; with the aid of God he killed thirty-two head of large game, and deigned to bring down a number of partridges, moor hens and pheasants. The grand ambassador (Minister of War) who accompanied the great sovereign of Iran, obtained a remarkable distinction, for his Majesty, who dispenses his grace and generosity, so unsparingly deigned to present him with a partridge with his own hand."

☞ GERMANY.—One hundred years ago Germany had no surplus agricultural products other than wine. To-day, with nearly a quadruple population, she exports all manner of agricultural products, including cattle and sheep.

☞ A traveller on a geological tour in France came across, on the plateau of a mountain of the French Alps, a shepherd, tending a flock of goats. Observing him with a book in his hand, curiosity prompted the stranger to ask him what he was reading; the shepherd replied, "the Bible," and added, "he was somewhat perplexed, as he could not clearly understand as to whether he was descended from Adam or from Noah."

☞ The testimony of physicians and eye-witnesses in reference to the main features of the recent cholera epidemic in Asia and Europe clearly demonstrates its non-contagious character. Dr. Jameson says that of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred physicians engaged in cholera practice in Bengal, Hindostan, only three took the disease.

☞ Why is it complimentary to call a man "a son of a gun?" Because it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

☞ Carlyle's face is described by one who heard and saw him deliver his late address to the students at Edinburgh, as looking like a "heap of stones grown over with brambles."

☞ Louis Napoleon has taken to white waistcoats, his wife to rose-colored dresses.

☞ A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, concludes us with the assertion: "A fortnight since I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one."

☞ Sir Isaac Newton being asked why he never smoked, replied, "I will not make to my-self any necessities."

☞ The editor of the Salt Lake Vidette has received a letter written in blood—or red ink—which reads ☞ "Skedaddle!" The editor and survived the order at last accounts.

☞ At the National Portrait Exhibition, in London, a label is affixed to each picture, telling its history, in brief, so that visitors do not find a catalogue indispensable.

☞ A HARD CASE.—Two old men swapped horses, with the agreement that the one who, at the end of the week, should think he had the best of the bargain, should give the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and the two met on the road between their homes. "Where are you going?" said one. "To your house, with the wheat." "Where are you going?" "To your house, with the wheat." Where are the counterparts of such men? we admiringly ask.

☞ A preacher in Montana recently squelched the pretensions of the miners of a rival district, in a sermon preached from the following text in Deuteronomy, chapter 32, 31st verse—"For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

☞ Prime joints of beef and mutton are now selling in Bremen, at twelve cents per pound. Happy Germans.

Wedding Tours.

Travellers and conductors are beginning to notice on the railroads a more than usual number of spring and summer wedding tourists. Ready money is abundant, and to just that sort of amount that few men in these days can find any more useful or profitable investment of it than in getting married. Those bachelors, old and young, who have made their fortunes within the last three years in oil or coal, or railroad stocks, or war contracts, find this a convenient season for resting a few months, taking a wife and making a marriage tour to Europe, spreading themselves in Paris, and doing the Great Exhibition, Italy, Great Britain, and the rest of the world in half a year. These tourists get out of sight of the American world, and are not worth our notice here, for, with them, all is conventional and regulated simply by one consideration—the amount of money they have to spend. Jenkins arranges it all and publishes it in the newspapers.

But there is another far more interesting and unsophisticated class who daily catch the eye of the conductor, and are recognized by him and all old travellers on railroads and steamers at a glance—the bridegrooms and their brides who travel by themselves a few hundred miles on their tours, followed to the cars by weeping, yet happy, baldheaded fathers. On all the routes leading to and from Niagara are these to be seen. They have private suits of rooms pre-engaged at all the stopping places, and have evidently the idea that they have so arranged matters that they are not and cannot be known as bridal tourists. This is not that they are ashamed of each other, but simply that their enjoyment is in each other's society, and they do not want to be criticised and remarked upon by profane strangers. So they fancy they are travelling incog. And yet how easy it is to the careful eye to tell how many days or even hours they have been married, by the very pains they take to seem either like old married folks or cousins as they promenade on the deck of the steamer, or sit ever so demurely in the cars!

Their dress detects them in part. It is all so neat, symmetrical and new. If the parties have good taste, there is not a spark of showiness about their attire. All glitter and display are laid aside, and she who was a fashionable belle last winter, and drove out in such splendid satins and silks to do her shopping, is now positively more like a Quaker in a simple travelling dress of mouse or drab color. Often the young culprits pretend for a while to be playing at lovers or flirtation, but it will not do. There is too much quiet happiness in their eyes for sparkle and wit and repartee; too much softness and tenderness in their confidential whispers, and such a sense of possession of each other that none in the cars are deceived for five minutes. Generally the bridegroom discovers this first, and throws his arm easily round the shoulders of his wife, as much as to say defiantly to the curious, "You cannot tell but what we have been married these many years." Not tell? There is a sort of guiltiness and slyness in the way that arm steals round, first on top of the seat back, then gradually closer, and a silent, pleased, unperceiving acquiescence on the part of the bride. Indeed, it is she who tells the tale most quickly. The broad guage seats are too broad. She seems to prefer the narrower Pennsylvania measure; and if you sit on any seat back of them, it may be noticed that the lady's shoulders are not even—they incline just a little, and unperceivedly, while she fancies she is sitting uprightly, to her broadest and bearded partner. For a few hours thus they travel, but, in the long run, the head gravitates to the husband's supporting shoulder, and there it will nestle innocently and confidingly in the repose of a new-found faith, as well as the happiness of honest, truthful love.

Sometimes, in spite of all precautions, a tress or two of rich black hair will get loose, and stray, and fall down. But that bride's tresses are so exquisitely silky and coaxed and polished, that there is order and neatness in their very disorder and abandon. It is, in fact, the confusion of the high and virtuous self-respect and honest pride of the maiden stepping out into a new faith. And these young folks fancy themselves lost in the crowd—unnoticed, unknown, and with the secret that they are but just married theirs own alone! Blessed innocents! But even those who discover them most wish them God-speed in their new path, which may lead to happiness or sorrow, as they start right or begin wrong.

A HUMAN CURIOSITY.—The Berlin newspapers have the following curious paragraph:—"A Hungarian girl, born at Oedenburg, without hands, now twenty years of age, has been giving some curious representations in the Prussian capital. She performs with her mouth the functions of hands. She sews, embroiders, executes the most delicate work with pearls, even threads her needles and makes knots, all with the tongue, apparently without difficulty, and certainly without the assistance of any one. Part of the works thus executed are destined for public exhibition." Most people will hesitate to believe such marvels until they witness them.

AN EX-BANKER A NEWSPAPER OWNER.—The Paris banker Mires has just bought the Paris *Presse* for 1,500,000 francs—$300,000—a large price. The only member of the editorial staff retained is the witty *feuilletonist*, M. Paul de St. Victor. M. Mires has thus described his views to a friend: "I mean to make the *Presse* a second *France*, more decided in its liberal tendencies and also more papal, representing the papacy as the bulwark of justice. And, mind you, I'm not the only Jew thus sticks to the Pope; Rothschild and Pereire go for him as well."

☞ In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

☞ Somewhere in the Old Testament it is stated that the Jewish women were once punished for adoring a false *calf*. The lesson has its warning.

☞ A correspondent tells a laughable story of a native of the "green isle of Erin," who, with a neighbor, had just landed from an emigrant ship. Noticing a brass button on the sidewalk, he picked it up, and, turning to the other, exclaimed, "See here, Jamie; what a fine country this is, to be sure, where you git goluns wid handles to 'em!"

☞ Within a short time there have been two instances in Maine, of men somewhat advanced in life committing suicide just as they were on the point of committing matrimony.

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An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

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Passports procured promptly for persons going abroad.

Wanamaker & Brown's Fine Clothing.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

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We should not suffer from a cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it. je2-2t

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is little or no demand for export. About [illegible] bbls sold during the past week, at prices ranging from $7.75@8.50 for superfine, $9.50@10.25 for extra; $11@11.75 for low grade and fancy Northwest family, $11@12.50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@17 ♥ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour, 300 bbls sold at $6.25@6.50.

GRAIN.—Prime Wheat continues scarce. About 15,000 bus common to fair red sold at $2.70@2.80; prime do at $2.90@2.70, and choice at $2.75@2.80; 5000 bus spring Wheat at $2.00@2.25, and small lots of white at from $2.90@3 ♥ bus, as to quality. Penna Rye is in demand at $1.15. Corn, 1800 bus sold at 94c for prime yellow. Oats, 1000 bus Delaware sold at 78c; 1200 bus Penna at 71@73c, and 2000 bus Western at 65@66c ♥ bus.

PROVISIONS.—The market is more active; 800 bbls new Mess Pork sold at $31.50@32 ♥ bbl, 500 tcs pickled Hams at 18c, and [illegible] lbs of salt Shoulders at 14c ♥ lb. Butter, sales of roll at 18@30c, the latter rate for good, and solid at 25@28c. Cheese, sales of old New York Factory at 18@19c, and new at 17@18c. Eggs sells at 28@24c ♥ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been moderately active; 1200 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 37@38c ♥ lb.

BARK.—1st No 1 Quercitron is scarce, and in demand at $31@32 ♥ ton.

BEESWAX.—Small sales of prime Yellow are making at 41@42c ♥ lb.

COAL.—Prices are rather firmer; cargo sales are making at $5.25@5.50 for White Ash, and $5.50@5.75 ♥ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS.—Prime sells at 80@85c ♥ lb.

FRUIT.—Green Apples range from $6@7 ♥ bbl; new dried do from 9 to 11c. There is a fair trade doing in Dried Peaches at full prices. There are no pared here.

GROCERIES.—Molasses continues in fair demand; 300 hhds of Cuba sold at 55c, gold, for clayed, and 58@70c ♥ gallon for Muscovado. Coffee is dull.

HOPS.—New Eastern and Western are in steady demand at 50@70c.

LUMBER.—Sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $22@24 ♥ M feet.

PLASTER.—The last sale of soft was at $4.75 ♥ ton.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed has advanced; 100 bus of prime sold at $6.50. Flaxseed is scarce and in good demand at $3 ♥ bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum—Small sales are making at from $2.30@2.35 ♥ gallon. Whiskey.—About 275 bbls Pennsylvania sold at from $2.25@2.26, mostly at the former rate; 400 bbls Ohio at $2.25@2.27, and 50 bbls small drudge at $2.24 ♥ gallon.

TALLOW.—Sales of city rendered are making at 11@11½c ♥ lb.

WOOL.—The receipts and stocks continue very light. Small sales are making at prices ranging from 67@70c for fine fleece, 55@60c for medium, and 45@50c ♥ lb for coarse, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 17@19½c ♥ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ♥ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ♥ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $13.50@14.50 ♥ 100 lbs.

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INVISIBLE INK.—This ink will be invisible when you write with it, but on holding it to the heat the writing will become black, and as soon as the paper is cold it will disappear. Price of a bottle, with full directions, twenty-five cents. Address GEO. M. CONEL, P. O. Lock Box 343 Spring Bend, Ohio. je9-3t

MAGEE'S PRINTING OFFICE, BLANK Book Bindery, STATIONERY STORE, and ENVELOPE Manufactory, 316 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia. mar24-6m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. William P. Lawrence to Miss Harriet E. Meade, both of this city.

On the 24th of May, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. John D. Marshall to Miss Sallie E. Harman, both of this city.

On the 22d of May, by the Rev. Andrew Culver, Henry A. Terry, of Hartford, Conn., to Lizzie R. Fox, daughter of Chas. Fox, Esq., of this city.

On the 9th of May, by the Rev. R. Stork, Edward C. Austin to Clara V. Bowers, both of this city.

On the 28d of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. Robert F. Stine, Jr., to Miss Maggie E. Mellan, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of May, Mr. William Constable, in his 70th year.

On the 29th of May, Mrs. Margaret A., wife of John Porter, in her 23d year.

On 1st day, 27th of May, William Hallowell, aged 72 years.

On the 27th of May, Mr. John Borrall, in his 73d year.

On the 27th of May, Mr. James Huston, in his 44th year.

On the 26th of May, Harriet L., wife of Robert B. Shelton, in her 27th year.

On the 26th of May, Joseph Godwin, in his 46th year.

On the 29th of May, Catharine Hight, in her 91st year.

S—T—1860—X.

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They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
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It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
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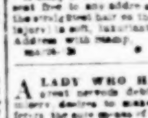

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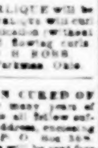

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood cut "Cloverbobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Headdresses, patterns for Knitting, Crochet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B. Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Bache, Mrs. Anne Sears Fiske, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

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DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

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Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

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DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

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This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

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GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

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AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
98 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the Culturist, No. 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

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☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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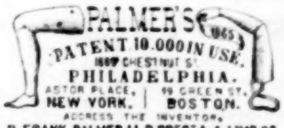

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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

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PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	11.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	"	12.00	M
HARRISBURG ACCOM	"	2.30	P M
LANCASTER ACCOM	"	4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	"	5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	"	10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	"	12.40	A M
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	"	9.40	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.00	P M
FAST LINE	"	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	"	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50	"
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LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	75
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. No. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—see Prospectus. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending on the difference in Cash.

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WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man using RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a full rich growth of beard in one week, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARC RUSSELL & CO., Box 82, Albany, N. Y. mar24-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Case of Arbitration.

Bill H——, a noted practical joker of the town of M——, N. Y., was once painting for Mr. B——, and one night Mr. J——'s cow got into Mr. B——'s garden, and nearly destroyed it. B——, as a natural consequence, felt aggrieved at the loss of his "garding sass," and calling upon J——, wished him to pay for the damage. They could not agree as to price, and mutually agreed to leave it to Bill to decide. He, nothing loth, accepted the office, and with a knowing air looked over the garden, and assessed the damage at four dollars, and then ordered J—— to bring up his cow. He examined the animal with a sorrowful countenance, praising her fine points, etc., and then gave in his decision thus:

"Wall, if that are caow was mine, I wouldn't hev her lie into that garding over night for less than five dollars; so, Mr. B——, as the damage to the garding is four dollars, and the damage to the caow is five dollars, you'll hev to pay Mr. J—— one dollar!" It is unnecessary to say that Mr. B—— never asked Bill to assess for him again.

Lost His Snuff.

A Scotchman had reason to perform a journey to London. Beside him in the train was a fellow-passenger, with whom he entered into conversation, and soon the twain became quite intimate. During a pause in the conversation, the gentleman reached back his hand in the direction of the pocket in his swallow-tailed coat, saying, "I believe we must have snuff." On this, Sawnie, by a series of vigorous blows, immediately proceeded to set his nose in order for the reception of the titillating beverage; but, after thoroughly searching all his pockets in vain, the gentleman was at last obliged to conclude he had unfortunately forgotten his snuff-box on leaving home. With the most utter dismay pictured in his countenance, Sawnie, on hearing this announcement, cast a reproachful look at the gentleman, exclaiming,—"My gude mon, what made ye do that? I had as much in my nose as *wad hae kerried me to Lunnon!*"

Speeches by an Old Smoker.

Take care, sir, how you get a character for integrity. Don't appear too nice in pecuniary transactions. Occasionally go about asking people if they know anybody who could fly a kite for you, or do you a little bit of stiff. Then you will never have any of your friends wanting you to become an executor or trustee; and besides, nobody that you know will ever expect you to lend him money.

You wonder if your relations will rejoice at your death. Well, sir, what if they do? But they won't if your income dies with you. And you had better enjoy the whole of your property yourself. Sink it in an annuity.

Certainly marry, sir. No single man, except one who has been divorced, or a widower, is content with his lot. And marry early. You had better get your troubles over before you are old.—*London Punch.*

Free and Easy.

Old Parson M——, of Torringford, was a queer sort of a man. One time, when his congregation had, most of them, disposed themselves for their afternoon nap, he startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking, in his loudest tone,—

"What's the price of butter?"

At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience, he stopped in his sermon and said:

"Those folks in my pew are my cousins from H——, so you needn't stare at them any more!"

A Legal Trick.

Judge Jones, of K., Mo., has a keen eye for shrewd, wily bits of sharp practice in this one particular, to wit:—Our statute requires a complainant carrying a suit to a higher court to make an affidavit that it is not for the purpose of harrassing "nor for delay." The judge had no case, and did want delay: so the judge made his affidavit, not for the purpose of harrassing, "but for delay." No one noticed the monosyllable, and the case stayed up for three years. Then the client was ready to pay, and the judge confessed the "dodge."

Quite Complimentary.—"What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson? Do you consider him a good musician?"

"On that point I wish to swear with great care. I do not wish to insinuate that Mr. Van Snopes is not a good musician. Not at all. But I could not help observing (people will observe queer things at times) that after he commenced playing on the clarionet, a neighbor, who lived next door, left home, and has never since been heard of."

"Well, that will do; you may go down, Mr. Thompson. Crier, call the next witness before the court."

A New Discovery—The Ague Plant.

The "ague plant" has recently been discovered—not the plant that cures the ague, but the one that causes it. Here is one plant, at least, that we can notice without being overwhelmed with applications for seed. To be sure it is a little thing and takes a good eye, aided by a good microscope, to find it, but when found it cannot be said, "it is no great shakes," for it is the "genuine Shaker seedling" itself. Dr. J. H. Salisbury, of Cleveland, O., announces in the American Journal of Medical Sciences, that fever and ague is caused by a minute plant, which is found where stagnant water has just dried away. The spores, or reproductive dust of this microscopic plant, are diffused through the night damps, and being taken into the system by breathing, are the cause of that wide spread scourge, the ague. The habits of the minute plants completely accord with what was before known of the occurrence of miasm, and that they are the real cause of it has been shown by taking boxes of earth containing them to places where an ague was never known to occur. In about two weeks after the ague plant was taken there, well marked cases of the disease appeared. This discovery does not as yet increase our knowledge of the means of ridding ourselves of the plant, but it will probably lead to that—just as one, if he can only find out "how he got such a cold," is already half cured. The spores only rise in the night, and then to a height, varying with the locality, of from thirty to one hundred feet. This explains why night air brings on ague, and why elevated localities are free from it. After the ague seed is taken into the system, the plant is propagated there, and the patient becomes a sort of animated hot-bed.—*Am. Ag.*

CONSIDERATE.

"Yes, Jinkins, I had better wear my veil. Church is not the place to distract the attention of young men!"

Uses of a Dead Dog.

The following, says the California Mercury, will explain why a certain Frenchman is anxious to obtain from the Board of Supervisors a monopoly of all the dogs that may die in San Francisco for the next twenty years:

What use can be made of a dead dog?—It can be used for a multitude of useful or luxurious purposes.

Name one.—A part of it may be put into a lady's smelling bottle.

Under what form?—Either as a delicious perfume or as smelling salts.

How can it be converted into a perfume?—Glycerine is largely used by perfumers for their choicest perfumes.

How is glycerine obtained from a dead dog?—By mixing soda with the boilings of the fat and bones.

What does this produce?—A sweet substance, called glycerine, or the sugar of fat.

How can the putrefying flesh of a dog be converted into smelling salts?—Merely by adding to it a little hydrochloric acid.

What further use can be made of a dead dog?—You can wash your face and hands with a part of it.

How so?—Part of the glycerine may be used for scenting soap, or made into glycerine soap.

What other use can a dead dog be put to?—A lady going to court may put a little on her cheeks or lips, to improve their hue.

How can this be managed?—Part of the glycerine may be mixed with carmine, and sold for lip-salve or delicate tint for the cheeks.

Name another use which can be made of a dead dog.—It may be brought to the table as a delicacy, and eaten with much relish.

How can this be done?—From the skin, tendons and bones, gelatine can be obtained; and this gelatine may be made into jelly.

What other delicacy can be made of it?—A part can be put into our tea or coffee, tarts or puddings.

How can this be done?—Sugar may be refined by being strained through its burnt bones.

What else can be done with a dead dog?—A gentleman can appear in a part of it at a ball or on promenade.

How so?—Part of the skin may be made into boots, and part into riding gloves.

What order was made in Paris about dogs some few years ago?—That all dogs without an owner should be shot, and thrown into the Seine.

How many dogs were so destroyed?—Several thousands.

Who found out that these dead dogs could be turned into money?—The refuse-pickers (*chiffoniers*).

What did they do with them?—They got them out of the river, skinned them and boiled them down.

What was done with the skins?—They were made into kid gloves.

What was done with the boilings?—They were made into soap and candles.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Make More Woods.

There are no people on earth elsewhere so recklessly destructive of timber as we of the United States. Everywhere cutting and slashing, hacking and hewing, sawing and burning up by whole hundreds and thousands of acres at a sweep, as if the grand object were to annihilate the last tree in the land in the briefest possible period.

The habit is not so singular a one either, considering our forefathers came to a domain so wide and well wooded, that the supply was deemed inexhaustible, and the doctrine has been handed down without any particular inquiry as to the fact or fallacy of the thing, from generation to generation, ever since.

We are, however, beginning in many sections to feel the effects of the destructive waste that has been going on so long and widely, and as an evidence of a better era of thought and action, an active interest begins to be manifest throughout the entire country in regard to economizing and perpetuating our timber treasures.

As nearly all our forest trees may be as easily propagated from seeds, or from slender stems, a great deal less laboriously transformed into serviceable trees than the majority of our orchard fruit-trees, there is nothing now needed but to popularize the new idea of making woods, and the work of forest building will go on until the present prospect of a treeless country at the end of another century will be changed to one of a moderate supply for all future time.

In all the treeless or partially treeless regions of the West, where serviceable woods, both for fuel and mechanical purposes is the want, the maples, elm, hickory, chestnut and walnut should have particular attention. The seeds of elm and all the maples ripen early in the summer, and ought to be planted as soon thereafter as possible that they may be up and growing before cold weather sets in, and out of the way of the piratical mice who would very likely appropriate nine-tenths of all the seed if planted late. The nuts should also be planted as early after ripening as possible, as a dried nut is always uncertain and slow of germination, and even if it grows the tree is never healthy, vigorous and fast growing as it will be from a fresh nut.

All the above trees bear transplanting, though the chestnut and walnut require careful handling, and where quite convenient it is better to plant the nuts of these where they will not require transplanting.

Ducks.

If we can persuade only ten readers to bestow this year about half the attention they have heretofore lavished upon unprofitable dogs and cats, upon a family of ducks, two season's experience will convince them that ducks are by far the most profitable pets. Indeed, taking all things into consideration, the probability is that ducks of a good breed are quite as profitable feathered stock as geese or turkeys, more so than chickens.

Take, for instance, the English "Aylesburies." These are a large, white, beautiful bird, weighing five to six pounds dressed, their flesh as delicate and almost as white as the breast of a chicken. These ducks lay on an average three months an egg every day regularly, and from May to October may be plucked regularly once in four weeks, yielding, it is said, at each plucking half as many feathers as the best Bremen geese, and fully equal in quality.

Wherever there happens to be a pool or pond of water near the farm house, a strong brigade of ducks becomes a necessity. They are sharp-eyed fellows, everlastingly at work, and shovel up from the water millions of slugs, bugs and wigglers, that but for the shovel-bill snappers and mixers, would become in a little time noisome insect pests.

Ducks are kept with less trouble and expense than any other variety of poultry, and they are useful, too—particularly the small chaps. Turn three mother-hens into a vegetable garden with their broods, and in three days there will be more destruction by peeking, tearing, and scratching than three dozen old ducks were worth. But just let in three dame-ducks with their families, and watch the results. No dragging, scratching, and pulling things to pieces. There they go—dipping, diving under cabbages, through vines, among beets and onions—spearing, darting, snapping up flies, lice, nits, maggots, and whatever living insect pest is to be found—nothing comes amiss to the active, wide-awake ducklings, and very few garden pests escape their keen, detective glance. It is pretty safe to say that fifteen young ducks will rid a garden of more insect pests in a single day than a dozen active men can in ten.

Cattle Mange.

It is an ugly, provoking disease, appearing generally in the spring, first about the head and neck of young cattle wintered on dry hay, cut when over-ripe. The mange is a cutaneous disease like the itch, hangs on permanently if not cured, frequently spreading through the entire herd, causing the rubbing off of hair, leaving unsightly bare places and often so annoying young stock as to keep them thin in flesh through the summer in the very best of pasturage. The disease is very readily cured by an ointment compounded of equal parts of fine salt, flour of sulphur, and clear lard. A single application is generally sufficient; more than two is never needed.

Sweetening Kitchen Sinks.

Very frequently after the cellar, out-houses, water-closets, and all the nooks and corners have been cleaned out, disinfected, limed and thoroughly sweetened, there will still linger about the kitchen sink a foul, offensive smell in no wise pleasant to our sensitive olfactories. This disagreeable odor is readily got rid of by dissolving copperas—say half-a-pound in two gallons of water, adding a quart of pulverized charcoal, heating the mixture to nearly the boiling point, and pouring a quart or so at a time down the sink pipe. Two applications will almost always effect a cure. The same mixture is sufficient for removing strong disagreeable smells from either glass or earthen vessels by simply rinsing them thoroughly in it.

Gathered Grains.

—— If all farmers would make a practice of giving their horses and horned stock, sulphur, saltpetre and fine salt in equal parts, about two tablespoonsful twice a month mixed in some sort of food, their health would be generally improved, and there would probably be fewer cases of colic, bots, and pleuro pneumonia.

—— A community of some thirty families will sail from "down-east" in July for Jaffa—Joppa that was in Bible days, in the Holy Land, carrying with them building materials, farming implements, and their own ship. Going to farming and growing lemons, dates, almonds, figs, grapes, and pomegranates. In about ten years, probably, Joppa will have a seven-story hotel, several hundred furnished cottages to rent for the summer, and be a tip-top fashionable watering-place.

—— The war cut off our Southern supply of moss for mattresses, and there is a famous five year's growth in all the gulf swamp regions. Moss of the best quality sells at from five to five and a half cents per pound, and the freedmen down there are gathering immense quantities, so that the prospect of providing ourselves with cheap, wholesome beds again soon is rather a pleasant one.

—— Somebody says that the new five-cent coin soon to be issued, being 75 per cent. copper, and the balance nickel, will not be worth five cents intrinsically. No, we should judge not when we look at one of our nickle cents reduced to less than half the weight of our old standard cents, and liberally alloyed at that.

—— The New York Farmers' Club, and a good many other people, are discussing the underground butter-making question. What is the utility of it? We buried two batches of cream in the cellar as an experiment. Result—a rat hole through the bag each time. Not a butter—cream lost. Churn—is our advice.

Magnesium is a silver colored metal, malleable, ductile, and fusing at a dull red heat. It is the metallic base of our calcined magnesia of pharmacy. The manufacture of magnesium metal for illuminating purposes is rapidly increasing in the United States and several countries of Europe.

When we have the material as common as lead and as cheap, our fire and lights will cost next to nothing, as two ounces of magnesium wire will afford a light for ten hours equal to seventy-five of the best sterine candles ever were made of five to the pound, which would require a fraction over twenty pounds of candles for that time.

RECEIPTS.

Receipts by Professor Blot.

Madeline Cakes.—The following is Professor Blot's recipe (as given in his recent lectures at Boston) for Madeline cakes for dessert: Half a pound of eggs, (four,) half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour. Mix the butter, sugar, and yolks of the eggs thoroughly, then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a thick froth. Grate in a little lemon rind. Put in little dishes, filling each about one-third full, and bake till done. In these cakes the butter and sugar were thoroughly mixed, and the yolks of the four eggs added, one at a time. The flour was afterwards rubbed in, and then the frothed whites of the eggs.

Omelet.—The Professor took five eggs, beat them in a good sized bowl, seasoned them with salt and pepper, and threw in a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. He next took a frying pan, put a piece of butter in it, and when it was melted the liquid egg was poured in, and stirred with a table-fork, because they cooked rapidly.

Breakfast Steak.—The fire must be quick, and three minutes is sufficient for both sides. For two pounds of steak half a tablespoonful of butter is sufficient. The steaks were salted and peppered before being put into the pan. Sprinkle water cress with salt, pepper and vinegar, and strew around the steak after it is dished. This is not frying. Frying is to immerse in fat. Doughnuts are fried.

Baked Fish.—After washing, a shad was wiped dry, inside and outside, next buttered, salted and peppered, with bread crumbs, a little chopped parsley and the juice of half a lemon squeezed on the outside; then placed in a bake-pan and put in the oven. Halibut, haddock, cod or other fish, do the same way. Eat with cream of flour, butter, &c. Three minutes is enough to boil a fish.

Asparagus should be thrown into boiling hot water, salted and boiled till three-quarters cooked. Longer boiling makes it tasteless. A spoonful of butter and flour melted in a pan, with half a pint of hot water added and stewed, makes a good sauce.

Stuffed Shoulder of Veal.—Cut in straight and take out the bones, which will do for soup the next day. For stuffing take one pound of sausage meat, chopped and mixed with two ounces of bread, the bread to be soaked in water and squeezed dry with the hand; one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper as best suits the taste, one egg, a clove of garlic, chopped fine; mix with a wooden spoon. Some persons prefer to use onions in stuffing. Put the stuffing into the bone hole and sew up. The meat thus prepared, with the first bone remaining in it, spread over with a small quantity of butter, with a sprinkling of salt and pepper. The pan must contain just broth enough to keep the meat wet at the bottom. During the process of basting more broth was added to supply the place of that which had evaporated.

What an Iron Bar Becomes.—A bar of iron worth $5, worked into horse shoes, is worth $10.50; made into needles, it is worth $355; made into knife blades, it is worth $3,285; made into balance springs for watches, it is worth $250,000. What a drilling the poor bar of iron must undergo to reach all that; but, hammered and beaten and pounded and rolled and rubbed and polished, how was its value increased! It might well have complained under the hard knocks it got; but were they not necessary to draw out its fine qualities, and fit it for higher offices? And so all the drilling and training to which you are subject, all the trials and hardships, thumps and pains which often seem so hard to you, serve to bring out your finer qualities, and to fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.

☞ A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour barrel, and asked her husband to read them.—O I C U R M T.

☞ It is pleasanter to get a smack from a woman's lips than from a man's hand.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 12, 2, 9, 4, 24, is used in polishing.
My 15, 3, 18, 21, 6, 11, is a church officer.
My 23, 1, 5, 14, 22, 4, 17, means to give back.
My 8, 6, 16, 10, 3, 18, 20, are worn by ladies.
My 22, 14, 19, 1, 23, is an amphibious animal.
My 7, 6, 5, 9, is part of the face.
My whole is anxiously expected by the readers of the Post.

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an instrument for cutting.
My second is what all most come to.
My whole consists of fine particles of wood, stone, or metal.

EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A modern bard of universal fame;
A classic river's oft repeated name;
A naval hero dear to every heart;
A ruthless tyrant with a murd'rous dart;
An English author famous for his style;
A poet who our leisure may beguile;
The initials join an ancient bard you will find,
Who to his verse has left his name behind.

Anagrams.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ten tea pots.	A nice pet.
Sly ware.	True, I am in.
It's in charity.	There we sat.
Great helps.	Spare him not.
Honor set a Nile.	See a pug dog.
Yes, Milton.	

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cylindrical post 1 foot in diameter and 4 feet high is covered with ribbon 1 inch wide. Suppose a man takes hold of this ribbon and begins to unwind it, keeping it straight all the time; how far must he travel to unwind the ribbon?

FARMER.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two trees are standing on a plain; one is 86 feet in height, and the other 80; how far from the ground must the taller one break so that its top may rest on the top of the smallest tree? the distance between the trees being 22 feet.

Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A large cylindrical vessel contains 200 gallons of wine, and from a discharge cock at the bottom 1 gallon of wine is discharged every 10 seconds, and through a hole in the top 1 gallon can pass every 10 seconds. Suppose that at the same instant both orifices are open and that water flows in at the top, and the mixture is perfect. Required—how much wine will remain in the vessel after one hour?

ELI FLINT.
Posey Co., Indiana.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tract of land exactly square is inclosed by a three-railed fence, the length of each rail is 16 feet, and the number of rails in the fence is equal to the number of acres inclosed. The acres in the tract, and length of its sides are required.

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is an island like the letter T? Ans.—It is in the midst of water—(waTer.)

☞ What is smaller than a mite's mouth? Ans.—His tongue.

☞ Why is a clergyman's horse like a king? Ans.—He is guided by a minister.

☞ Why is a blacksmith's apron like a furnace? Ans.—It keeps off the sparks.

☞ A carpenter made a door, but it was too large; he cut it, and cut it too little; he cut it again, and made it just fit. Ans.—He cut it too little, i. e. he did not cut enough of it.

☞ What most resembles a cat in a hole? Ans.—A cat out of a hole.

☞ What is the weight of the moon? Ans.—Four quarters.

☞ Why is St. Paul's like a bird's nest? Ans.—It was built by a Wren.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—To be a man requires something more than years. DOUBLE REBUS.—Charles Morris and Lucern Elliott; (Ceni—Honolulu—arc—rice—lawyer—Eden—Sable—Mateo—owl—Rei—Rio Janeiro—Iscariot—street.) RIDDLE.—Silver.

☞ A printer wrote a tragedy called "Joshua," which he printed in the most splendid style, and sent a copy to the celebrated Bodoni, a brother printer at Parma. Some time afterwards he went into Italy, and paid Bodoni a visit. "Well," said he, "what do you think of my tragedy?" "Full of beauties!" exclaimed his friend. "Then you think," rejoined the author, "I shall acquire some fame by it?" "It will immortalize you," was the reply. "And the characters, what do you say to them?" "The characters," said Bodoni, "are exquisite—perfect—especially the capitals."

☞ It has been stated by Prof. Faraday that the total quantity of oxygen daily required for the whole world is 1,000,000,000 lbs., or 7,142,857 tons.

☞ It is only a curious grammarian who would inquire too strictly concerning your relatives and antecedents.